



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

JUNE, 1881.

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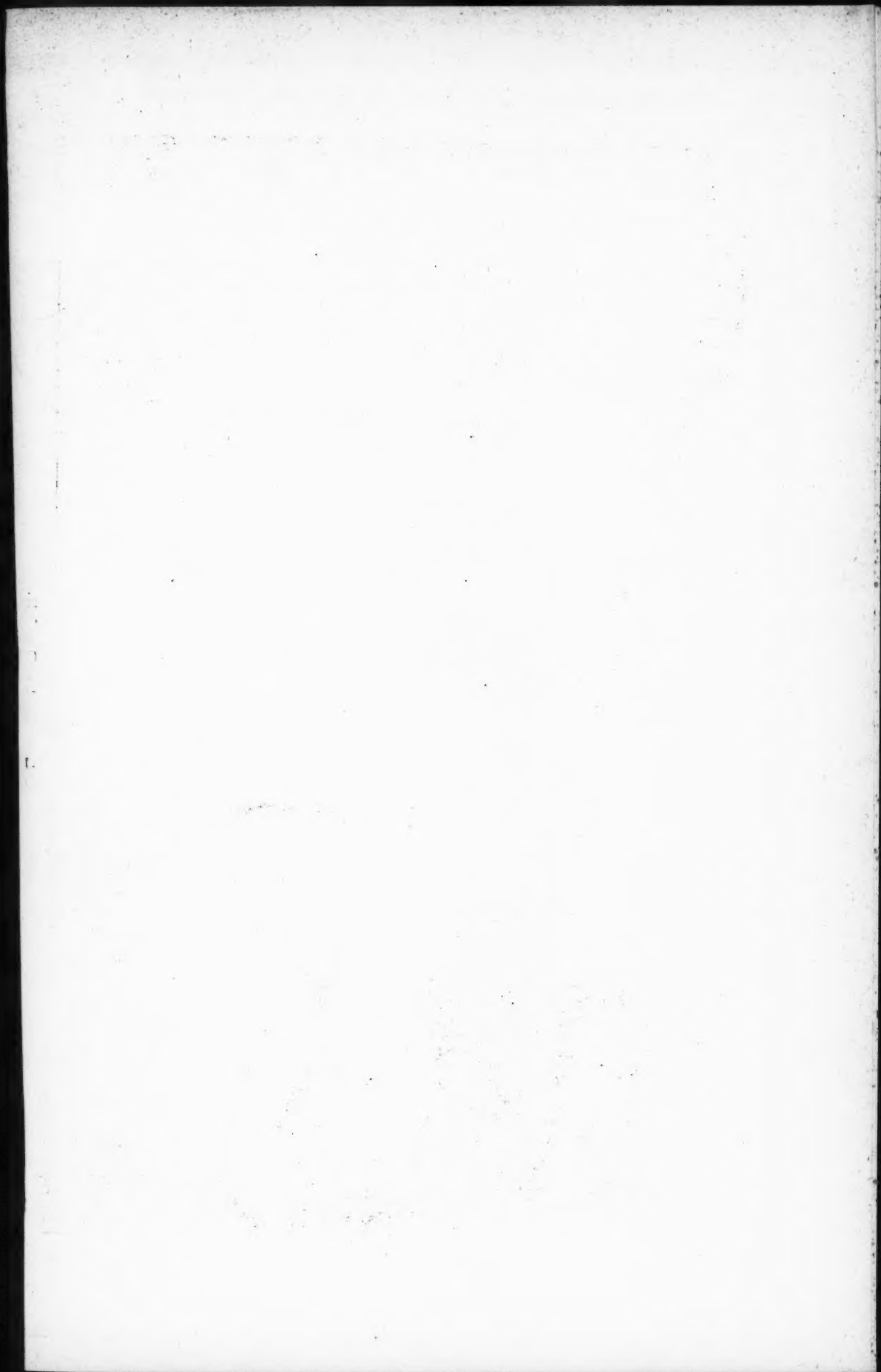
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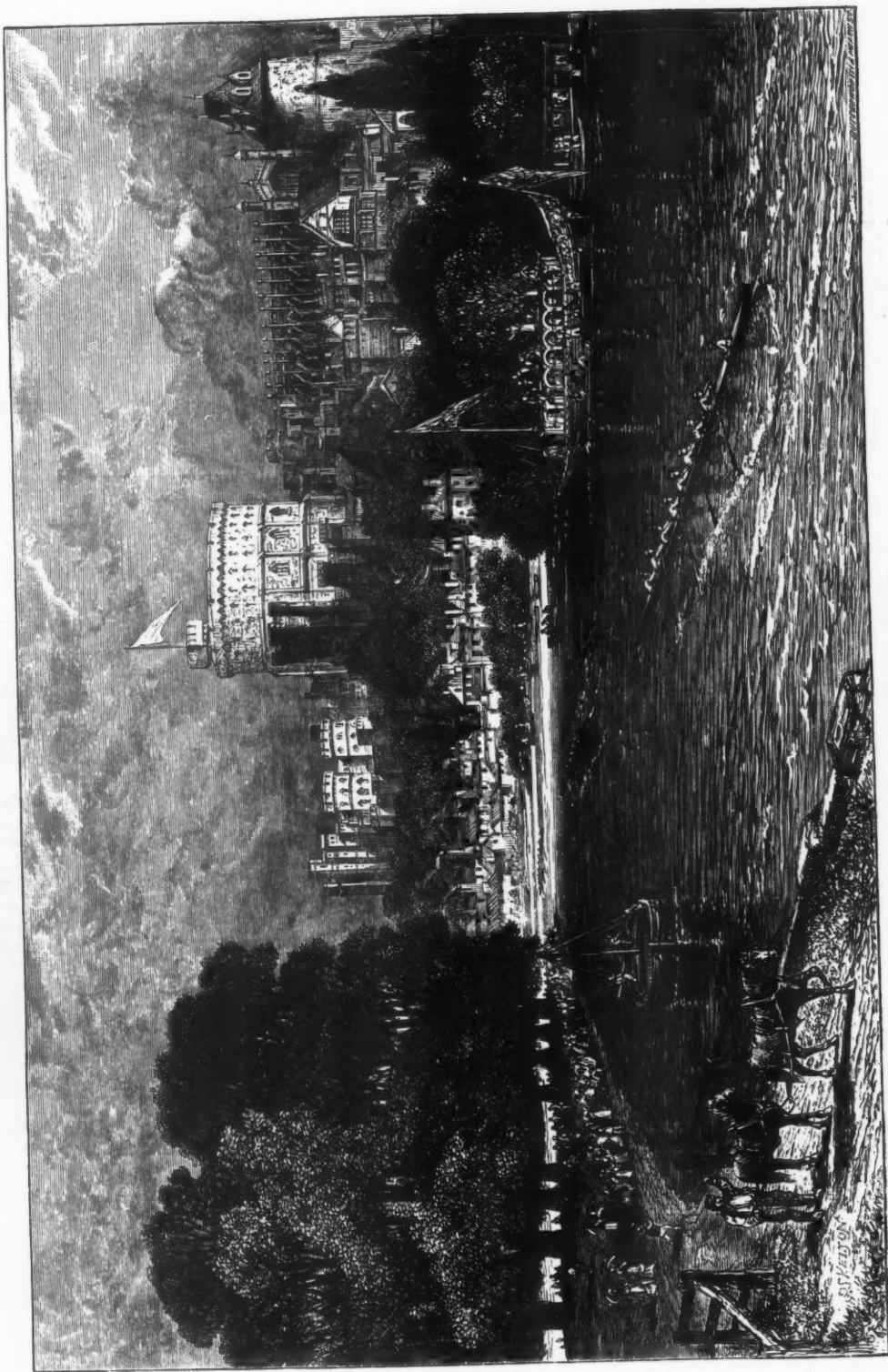
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OLD WINDSOR.  
(The Fourth of June.)

# "WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.



A HIGHLAND WELCOME.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'."

—A. Geddes.

SOME months after those sad, exciting events had occurred, when the little household at Inveresk Cottage had fallen into a sort of sober, uniform way of getting through existence,

which contrasted painfully with the time when Sholto's joyous nature brightened every incident of the home-life with its own vivid colouring, a diversion was caused by a visit from Mr. MacAlastair.

He had never set foot in John Winton's house before—though he had not minded putting his hand in John Winton's pocket more than once—so that the visit was an important epoch in the annals of the cottage. Mrs. Winton had written to her brother immediately after fears about Sholto began to rise, thinking that he had perhaps gone to his Highland relative for succour, but Mr. MacAlastair replied that he had not seen his nephew or heard from him. More than once the mother wrote again, hoping that the laird had been as good as his word when he had declared that if Sholto came to Perthshire all the Queen's officers should not find him, and that the runaway was hiding beside his uncle; but that hope was soon extinguished, like all others.

Mr. MacAlastair arrived at the cottage, breathing fire and slaughter against whoever had to do with the disappearance of his heir, and Mona's peace-making qualities were taxed to their utmost in striving to soothe the impetuous Highlander. Sholto had frequently spent his summer holidays at the tumble-down old family mansion, and, boy-like, he had revelled in its picturesque decay, caring nothing at all for the out-at-elbows look of the place and everything belonging to it.

Mr. MacAlastair had been extremely gratified by his nephew's enthusiastic admiration of all pertaining to the Highlands, and the old gentleman had actually deprived himself of some gallons of his favourite Glenlivet to provide the boy with a handsome kilt. It was pleasant to think that so creditable an offshoot of the old race would step into the MacAlastair's shoes, and the uncle was never weary of telling his cronies that "the poy is every inch a MacAlastair, and, if need were, would use a dirk like a Highlander should." It was therefore no small blow to even such a selfish man to learn that Sholto had disappeared in such a discreditable manner; and, after waiting impatiently lest the youth might seek refuge with him, but finding that no sign was made, Mr. MacAlastair determined upon visiting the "Scotch bodies and waking them up."

Both Mona and her mother received him with much pleasure; and though the sorrowful mystery, which they had begun to feel was best left to the silence of their inmost hearts, became once more the chief subject of conversation, yet much of the bitterness had been taken out of it, and there was even an element of the grotesque introduced through Mr. MacAlastair's way of treating the whole matter. "You see, my tears," he said, "that it will not be possible that our fery coot lad was extinguished, because it cannot happen that no one shall come after me to uphold our name in Perthshire. He may have gone up to the moon or town to Davy Jones's locker, if he is not upon the earth, putt he will come pack to represent his kin; and when he comes he will just drop his father's name and be known py mine."

"I do not know how we shall agree to that, uncle," laughed Mona; "we are as proud of dear father's name as we are of yours, and though Sholto is certainly every inch a MacAlastair, I think—"

"Now, my coot lassie, you say no more about

it, for you know fery well that you will drop your respected father's name at the bidding of the first likely lad that takes your fancy; and why should not your prother do the same to please his old uncle?"

That argument was conclusive, and Mona retired from the combat; but her uncle's whimsical plans for the future, when the dear one would be restored to them, were so very pleasant to dwell upon that she would not allow herself to call his schemes castles in the air, but rather encouraged his fancies, and allowed the dying hope within her to wake to new life.

Mrs. Winton had never ceased to hope, although she deemed it wisest to give her thoughts no utterance. Indeed, her ideas of religion had made her ask herself frequently if the indulging in such hopes was not a species of rebellion against the will of the Almighty, and a proof of her want of resignation. So uneasy did this make the good creature that she unburdened her mind to her minister, who told the mother that he could see no want of submission or lack of faith in her longing, lingering hope. He even encouraged her to "pray without ceasing" for the prodigal, for it might be that her supplications would avert evil from him. Then the minister told an incident of his own youth, which impressed her with such a belief in the power of prayer as she had never grasped so strongly before. There was too much cold formality in Mrs. Winton's piety, and the rod of affliction was required to wake in it the living fire of passionate longing and need.

"I was a mere lad at the time I am talking of," the minister said, "and, boy-like, fond of getting into all manner of scrapes. I was passionately fond of all games and out-of-door amusements. Football and skating were my chief delights. We had had a long time of frost, and I had prosecuted my favourite amusement late and early, but the thaw began, and the lochs became dangerous. Still I dared to go on the ice, and my parents never knew how frequently I ran a near risk of being drowned. One day I took my brother with me to Duddingstone, intending to go on the ice for a 'last good skate.' There were a good many skaters, for the greater part of the loch was still bearing. We put on our skates and prepared to start, when my brother said, 'I don't know how it is, but I feel as if I ought not to go on the ice; I fancy father would not like it.' 'Are you afraid?' I asked him, scoffingly; but at the same moment a strange feeling took possession of me; I felt as if I were fettered to the spot, and *could not* go on the ice. We stood there for a few minutes; then my brother said, 'It looks safe enough; suppose we go on?' 'Yes; let's be off!' I replied. Yet neither of us moved. 'What is up with you?' I asked him. 'And what is up with *you*?' he asked me. We stared at each other, and were silent; we neither of us could explain what held us back, but we sat down and slowly unfastened our skates. Just then some young friends came up, and, seeing how we were employed, supposed we had had our turn and had come off the ice. Without a moment's hesitation they ran on where we had meant to go,



but suddenly there was a shriek as the ice split under them. Some sprang back in time, but three disappeared in the water. It was some time before help could be procured, and we stood on the shore among the crowd with feelings which it is impossible to describe, while our poor companions were being brought to land dead. When it was known that the unfortunate boys were beyond all hope of recovery we walked silently home. We were met at the door by father and mother. 'Thank God!' our father said, as our mother clasped us weepingly in her arms. 'Then you have heard what has happened? Were you afraid for us?' we asked. 'Happened! what has happened? we have heard nothing.' We told of the accident, and of our own inexplicable feelings previously; and you may judge of our surprise—our awestruck wonder—on being told that *at the very time when we were intending to go on the ice* our parents, impelled by a mutual indefinable fear on our account (though they did not even know where we were or how employed), were kneeling together, beseeching God on our behalf, imploring Him to lay the hand of restraining love upon us if we were being tempted to do aught that was wrong, or to guard us if we were exposed to danger. Parents and sons never forgot that incident, and my belief in intercessory prayer was so confirmed by it that I have never once doubted since that prayer is the most powerful agent we can employ."

Such was the minister's experience, a true incident, and the impression it made upon him gave fervency to his belief.

After that conversation Mrs. Winton seemed to rise up under her trial as if carried on the wings of faith; and when her brother expressed his opinions so decidedly, she was quite ready to second them with her more divinely-inspired hope.

Mr. MacAlastair was, of course, very much concerned at hearing of John Winton's state, and emphatically declared that "a man cannot expect to keep going without anything to support him and keep out the colt stronger than water, and the whisky is a fery coot thing. Nor is French prandy to be despised when Glenlivet is not to be had." The minute inquiries which the Highlander made after his brother-in-law's health seemed to be as much as his regard desired, for he made no request to visit the sick room, and, to tell the truth, Mona was content that it should be so. She shrank, with almost morbid feeling, from permitting any one to see John in his helpless condition. There seemed to her something so humiliating in the contrast between his present abject state and the intelligent manly presence which had commanded the respect of every one who knew him. At the same time Mona could not but be conscious of a want of affection, not to mention gratitude, in the way that Mr. MacAlastair contentedly settled himself for a long visit at the cottage without expressing the least desire to see its unfortunate master.

But one day John had caught the sound of Mr. MacAlastair's voice, and the eager questioning restlessness of his look was not to be mistaken.

"It is only Uncle MacAlastair," Mona said, in reply to the asking eyes. "He came to stay with us for a few weeks, and mother is so pleased to have him."

Still John looked unsatisfied, and Mona asked, "Would you like to see him?"

It must be confessed that she was a little surprised that her father should wish to meet Mr. MacAlastair. The two men had few sympathies in common, and had never cared for each other's society; but there was no mistaking the expression of John's keen eyes and tremulous lips. Mona's watchful love had learned, during that weary time of inertness, to read his features as if they had been spoken language. So she brought her uncle to the sick room.

Evidently some fragmentary recollection of all that had happened lingered in a ruined cell of memory, for John strove with piteous helplessness to ask a question. Unfortunately no one held the clue to his thoughts, therefore every effort to guess at his meaning was in vain, and at last he turned his face to the wall with a patient sigh.

"He will be minding about his laddie," Mr. MacAlastair suddenly exclaimed. He had been cautioned to say nothing about Sholto when with his father, but, altogether forgetful of the prohibition, he leaned over the bed and said, "You will be wishful to hear tell of your son. He'll be coming. He'll be coming. He'll be coming. Never you be the least pit uneasy. He will come home with flying colours ere long."

John believed from those words that Sholto had been with his uncle, and that all had happened as he had wished. He smiled and pressed MacAlastair's hand; and from that time all the painful, confused questioning seemed to pass from his mind, and the only recollection which he seemed to retain in connection with Sholto was his absence, and the longing to embrace him once again.

"I think your uncle's visit has been a great success so far," Dr. Munro said subsequently to Mona: "I observe the greatest difference in Mrs. Winton's health and spirits. Even that blunder in the sick room has done good, and I fancy you are regaining some of your wonted cheerfulness through his influence. I feel jealous, for neither my medical skill nor my friendship has been able to do one-tenth part of the good here which Mr. MacAlastair's mistakes have done."

"Oh, Dan!" was the soft answer, which proved highly satisfactory to the doctor.

But Danford began to think that the laird's visit was not an unmitigated blessing, shortly afterwards, when Mr. MacAlastair became somewhat at home in the village, and found his way to a certain shop where the best Glenlivet was dispensed. On more than one occasion it was the doctor's painful duty to assist Mr. MacAlastair to reach Inveresk Cottage in a not altogether seemly condition; and if ever Dr. Munro had loathed his besetting sin it was when he saw it mirrored in MacAlastair, and beheld Mona's looks of distress and shame. Many were the resolutions which the young man then made to abstain from every excess in future; and no small pride did he feel in his

own strength of mind, which enabled him to keep to those resolutions in spite of all the temptations which pleasant companionship threw in his way. "If I have to thank some one of my ancestors for the failing which I deplore, at least I have some other more worthy forbear to bless for the strong will and firmness of purpose which are standing by me at present," Danford often said to himself. Ah! he had yet to learn what was the true way to keep from falling.

Fortunately for all concerned, Mr. McAlastair did not prolong his stay beyond the month which he had at the beginning of his visit announced as the utmost limit of the time he could spare. His niece asked herself what possible reason he had for saying that his presence was required at home, but she put no questions, and allowed her uncle to depart without more ado.

His parting speech was cheering. "I am fery sure that the lad Sholto will return to us ere long. Keep up your hearts, and we will have a merry meeting when that tay arrives. He shall march through Prestonpans with my own piper playing our pibroch before him, and we shall make it a tay to be remembered poth here and in Perthshire." Mona thought they would be willing to dispense with the piper if only Sholto would come!

Mr. MacAlastair had only been gone a week when Mona was startled by receiving from him a letter so full of mysterious hints and incoherent surmises that she would have believed it had been written under the influence of other spirits than the writer's own if it had not contained a most clearly-worded and urgent request that she would come to Perthshire without delay for *Sholto's sake*.

The girl read the letter over and over again, and each reading helped to assure her that Glenlivet had nothing whatever to do with the want of lucidity which marked portions of the epistle. Before consulting her mother on the subject Mona gave the letter to Dr. Munro, knowing that he would be able to advise her better than any one else.

Danford read it carefully. "I am glad you have not informed your mother of the contents of this letter," he said. "It might raise hopes which have but slight foundation, and yet I think there is no doubt that Mr. MacAlastair has heard *something* about Sholto. I also gather that the news is to a certain extent good news, in as far that it implies that our laddie is alive. I feel sure you should put all other considerations aside and comply with your uncle's request."

"But how am I to leave dear father, who is so dependent on my nursing?" the fond daughter murmured.

"I would offer to go in your stead directly, Mona; not only to relieve you from taking a step in the dark, but because I don't like the notion of women being mixed up in such affairs. But you observe, Mr. MacAlastair says that *no one* but yourself can render the assistance he and Sholto require. We must trust that your uncle would never expose you to any suffering that could be avoided."

"Oh, I am sure uncle would never ask me to do anything wrong—and for our To! what would I not do? But how shall I explain to father my leaving him? And mother!—if I show her this letter she will immediately jump to the conclusion that Sholto is coming home all right. Then suppose it should be all wrong?"

Danford mused for a few minutes, then said smilingly, "Suppose we resort to a little innocent deception, or rather suppression of facts? Your uncle was very anxious that you should return with him on a visit to the 'halls of your ancestors,' and I think Mrs. Winton wished you to go, thinking the change of scene would be beneficial. Now you might easily tell her that your uncle has renewed his invitation in very pressing terms, and that you wish to accept it after all—ladies do change their minds capriciously sometimes, don't they? and you can descend to the weaknesses of your sex for once, I opine! I can 'back' your seeming inconsistency by a judicious hint that you may undermine your health if you continue your present close attendance in the sick room. There will be no untruth spoken, Mona, so don't look solemn. You know I have told you more than once that you were hurting yourself by such constant devotion to the wants of an invalid, and I would have urged you to go with your uncle if—if I had not been a selfish brute. There!"

"If you had not known very well that a visit to those ancestral halls would only be a change for the worse, Danford. Our snug wee cottage is much better for my health (speaking medically, sir!) than a draughty ill-aired castle. But, joking apart, if my going north can do anything for Sholto, of course I am willing, eager to go."

Mona had no difficulty in explaining her changed wishes regarding a visit to Perthshire to Mrs. Winton, whose placid matter-of-fact disposition readily accepted whatever was brought before her without looking for whys and wherefores or perplexing herself over possibilities and future results. The girl found it less easy to stand by her father's couch and invent a plausible excuse for being absent from her place there for even one day. It seemed to Mona that nothing less than saving Sholto's life ought to draw her from the post of duty, and she could only whisper, "I don't want to leave you, father, but it is thought best for me to go." Fortunately the doctor had been before her, commenting on her pale looks, and John Winton, ever mindful of his dear lassie's weal, insisted that she should lose no time in going off to recruit her overtaxed nerves with the invigorating mountain breezes.

A day or two after receiving Mr. MacAlastair's letter Mona was on her way to his northern home. She had not seen the old place since her childhood, and, sooth to say, had forgotten its appearance very much. Notwithstanding her opinions, so decidedly expressed, in favour of practical comfort before romantic inconvenience, Mona could not help admitting that her uncle's ruined abode *did* possess attractions of no ordinary kind. The house (or castle, as it was grandly styled) was perched upon a rock which looked as if it had

burst from the side of a mountain to assert an individuality of its own and call itself a hill. High above it and on either side rose the parent mountain, thickly wooded in some places and furrowed even to its snow-cap by ravines and wild streamlets. The greater part of the building was in ruins, over which the kindly ivy had spread its green mantle. Rooks and swallows had colonised its broken walls, sparrows and starlings had possession of tottering chimneys. Owls winked from shattered windows. Jenny-wrens and robin-red-breasts hopped familiarly out and in the open doorways. A magnificent birch of venerable age towered above the left wing of the house, which had been patched so as to be habitable, and in that small portion of the home of his fathers the MacAlastair was domiciled. A small flag, upon which the broad boughs of the beech-tree swept patronisingly down, flaunted itself on a little turret, telling to all whom it might concern that the laird was at home; and a volume of smoke proceeding from another turret, whose lower chambers did duty as kitchens, proclaimed the other as important fact that a "Highland welcome" was being prepared for Miss Winton.

When the girl alighted from the conveyance which she had secured at the railway station she was received by her uncle in what she irreverently called his "full war-paint." On the doorstep stood a piper *skirling* his loudest, and Mona had some difficulty in repressing a laugh as she gave the driver his fare and heard him mutter some words not complimentary to the bagpipes. But when the trap and its driver had disappeared the Gaelic glamour fell upon her as of old, and Mona gave herself up to the picturesque and romantic phase of existence, with which the purpose of her visit seemed to have blended itself, in spite of the cruel and most practical elements of the case.

Mr. MacAlastair was evidently brimful of some important news which he was burning to impart; but his ideas of a true Highland welcome precluded all chance of private conversation until late in the evening. Then, by Mona's most earnest desire, he banished all creature comforts, and said a civil "good-night" to the neighbours who had dropped in for "a glass and a rubber;" and they readily accepted Miss Winton's arrival and family affairs to be talked over as sufficient excuse for a curtailment of the usual hospitalities.

When left to themselves Mona turned her eager pale face upon MacAlastair and murmured in an agony of fear and hope, "Tell me, uncle—" she could not finish her sentence, but her grey eyes darkened and dilated, making her respected relative feel, as he called it, eerie, and he hastened to break the spell of her gaze and gratify himself at the same time by explaining himself as best he could.

"It is as I thought it must be. Just what anybody expected. Where should he come but to the land of his forbears, and to his old uncle's house, which will be his own before long?"

"Has Sholto been with you? Is he here?" Mona cried, in great agitation.

"No, no, my dear. But I believe so, though I have not seen him. But you sit town, my girl, and listen to what I have got to tell you."

Mona had risen to her feet, and was standing before her uncle, twining her fingers convulsively around each other, as was her wont when deeply moved. The reply she had received was certainly far from either clear or rational; but she saw that it would only make her uncle yet more confused if she asked questions. She therefore mutely submitted to the gentle courtesy with which he placed her in his own arm-chair, and she kept silence while he strode up and down the room arranging his thoughts to suit his somewhat limited power over the "Sassenach tongue."

He did not try her patience very long, but seating himself near her he plunged into his subject without more preface. "The day after I came pack the housekeeper she told me that one of the maids had been nearly frightened out of her life by seeing a strange man climbing over the gable into a part of the ruins. It was almost tark, and the girl could not give a description of the man, more particularly that he disappeared as soon as he heard her exclamation of alarm. They all supposed it to have been a thief on no lawful errand, and the gillies made search for him, but he was not to be found. The very next evening a little herd-poy was accosted by the same stranger, who asked when I would be home, and if any of my relatives from Prestonpans were expected with me. Mark *that*, Mona! The poy said he knew nothing about the master's affairs. They find out my secrets, and don't think shame to tell them when it suits the loons, and I'd not have proken the poy's head on that occasion if he had told the stranger that I was expected on Thursday, and my niece along with me. Putt he happened not to know, and the stranger went away towards the wood, speaking to himself as if he were disappointed."

Mr. MacAlastair paused, and Mona tremblingly asked, "What happened next?"

"Well, nothing has happened next, only I make sure that the man was just our Sholto, though neither the maid nor the poy could tell what sort of a chap he was."

"But surely their description was enough to justify you in having adopted that opinion, uncle?"

"I'm saying they could tell me nothing about the man. But that is of no consequence whatever, for of course you will know that Sholto would disguise himself so that only those who knew him would detect any resemblance."

"That is true. But, oh! I had hoped to hear something less vague than this. I had hoped to hear of, perhaps see, him."

"My dear, you are less reasonable than I expected. Now, who but Sholto would know his way into the unoccupied portion of this house? What thief would come pack the next day and ask questions, when he knew he had been seen? Who besides your prother would care to know if a member of your family was coming to Perthshire with me?"

"Yes, dear uncle, that is all just reasoning, I confess—I almost think you must be right. But if it was Sholto, why has he not shown himself to you since your return?"

"And who is to say why a foolish poy does heaps of things? If it comes to that, why has he



been away all these months? We cannot tell any of these whys, my tear; we can only take facts as they come."

Poor Mona's heart had sunk, in spite of Mr. MacAlastair's reasoning, but she merely asked, "How did you suppose that *my* being here would help to reveal the mystery?"

"This was how it came into my mind. I waited, hoping that the poor poy would come to me, and when I found he did not do so I thought likely he was afraid of what I might say. You see he cannot know that I look upon his exploits in a very different light from that in which his worthy father views them. So then it occurred to me that he would not feel any fear of *you*, and that most likely he would find an opportunity of speaking to you if you were here. You are fond of taking twilight rambles, and if you wander near the wood, or sit with a book somewhere about the ruins or the hillside, I doubt not your prother will find his way to you. And you will tell him all that has happened through his high spirit carrying him too far; and all will be properly settled without more ado, and the lad will be restored to us."

It was easy to see from whom Sholto Winton had borrowed his sanguine and highly imaginative qualities, and poor Mona's hopes fell below zero as she sighingly answered,

"Alas! uncle, I may 'sit, like Ellen Douglas, 'on the grey stone' for many a day, waiting for one who may never find me there. It is a forlorn hope, I fear."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"By yon castle-wa', at the close o' the day."—Burns.

MORE to please her uncle than from any decided hope which she entertained of happy results, Mona rambled over the MacAlastair's domain—which had dwindled to a mere slice of what had once been the goodly heritage of his race—and patiently waited for hours in any locality which seemed likely to be the hiding-place of a fugitive. Her appreciation of the beautiful in nature would probably have led her to linger in many a lonely, secluded spot if there had been no other object for her doing so than the culling of heather-bells or the watching a glorious sunset; but though Mona derived some pleasure from her protracted rambles, the longing of her heart for "him that's awa'" remained ungratified.

The mysterious stranger did not show himself, and when some days had passed without bringing the anticipated result, Mr. MacAlastair began to talk less confidently regarding Sholto's return. Not having shared his very sanguine expectations, Mona's disappointment was less acute, and she felt exceedingly sorry for the old gentleman, as she watched him dejectedly sauntering past the ruined walls of his "castle" with bowed head and listless gait. Following the first impulse of her loving heart, the girl stole to his side, and drawing her arm through his, said softly,

"We must not be discouraged, uncle, for though we seem to be mistaken at present I really cannot help sharing your belief that ultimately our dear

one will be restored to us. Perhaps in a way we have never dreamt of, or at a time when we least expect him. Do you remember your parting words to mother? She and I have graved them on our hearts."

"I am a little out spirits this evening, my tear; do not mind me, for it will pass away soon. But I had fery much pelieved in this scheme of mine. There, I am an old fool, I know; only, you see, Mona, if the poy does not come soon his stupid old uncle won't be here to give him a welcome such as he might be expecting."

"We will trust in the goodness of our Father, who does not afflict willingly," Mona replied, in a gentle tone; and then the two walked on in silence until Mr. MacAlastair suddenly discovered that dew was falling, and his niece had on neither hat nor cloak. She had come out and joined him in his walk without thinking of such homely necessities.

"My tear girl, you will certainly catch a fery bad colt. Here, take my plaid about you;" and in spite of her protestations Mona was carefully wrapped in the MacAlastair's tartan, which, to tell the truth, he wore more for the sake of adding to the dignity of his appearance than because he required its extra warmth.

"Pless my heart, girl!" he exclaimed, "how like your prother you are! I never caught the likeness so fery marked as it is now that you have that plaid on. When you drew it over your shoulder just now, and folded your arms in it, you reminded me so much of the way he used to do the fery same. You are exactly—wonderfully like poor Sholto at this moment, my tear!"

"People used to say as you do, uncle—that I was never so like him as when I donned the tartan. I suppose it is because a frock is feminine and a coat is masculine, but a plaid may be either. Poor dear To! he gave me a handsome plaid of the MacAlastair tartan, which I used to wear constantly because we both liked to think that we resembled each other so closely. Ah, me! I would give something to know where that plaid is now;" and then Mona told the story of her plaid. It was scarcely judicious to expatiate on such touching reminiscences at that precise moment, seeing that Mr. MacAlastair was not in the mood to listen to them calmly, and very soon his emotion gained the mastery altogether.

"The tear lad! Alas! the poor lad!" he murmured, in broken accents, as heavy drops fell from his eyes. Then, ashamed of his weakness, he turned from Mona abruptly, saying, "I am not fit company for you, my tear." But ere he had advanced many steps he came back and said, irresolutely, "You will be staying out a little longer, I suppose? This must be the last time, however. We will not hope for—*for anything* after to-night. You can sit town and rest by this gable. Don't go farther to-night, and don't stay long." He walked hurriedly away then, and Mona seated herself where her uncle had desired she should remain, thinking that perhaps it was best to leave him to himself just then. But in a few minutes he was back again. "I am fery careless and forgetful: you have no ponnet on, and you will take



colt certainly, so I have prought one of mine which was at hand, for I did not know where to look for your own, my tear. Put this on;" and, suiting the action to the word, he placed one of his own Glengarry bonnets on the girl's head, then stood contemplating her with a wistful sadness which told Mona that it was as much to make the resemblance to Sholto more complete as care for her comfort which had elicited such attention. Having gazed until his eyes filled once more, Mr. MacAlastair repeated, "Don't you stay fery long—not fery long; only it is the last time;" and, sighing deeply, he retreated once more. Yet he could not banish that image of lost Sholto which had been conjured up, and as he moved slowly away he muttered to himself, "Yes, the last time, for it is not any use making the girl act like a tecoy duck any longer. The poy has either gone off again or does not mean to show himself, or was some other pody all the time. It's a sore disappointment; and he so true a MacAlastair, too! as like my father and grandfather as any one coot be. How much his sister resembles him, to be sure! She is a fery tear, goot girl. Tear me! when she cot the bonnet on her prown hair and the plaid about her I coot have sworn it was Sholto's self. I like to see it; there is a sort of consolation in looking at some one so like the poy that it might be the poy himself. It prings him pack in a sort of way."

Following the desire of his imagination, Mr. MacAlastair passed through a broken doorway into the ruins, and clambering with wonderful agility, considering his years, reached a wall where he could look down upon Mona without her having the least suspicion of his proximity. He felt a little ashamed of his weakness, and would not have her know that for the third time he was dwelling upon the picture of Sholto which her likeness to him had conjured up. The twilight helped to complete the illusion, and as Mr. MacAlastair leaned over the wall he could not help ejaculating, "The poy's fery self! Sholto's double!"

The drowsy chatter of many birds prevented Mona from hearing her uncle's whispered soliloquy, and she remained unconscious of his presence overhead, so that the poor old gentleman continued to indulge his fancy without interruption for some little time. As he leaned upon the broken gable-wall gazing down, a parting sunbeam gleaming athwart the spot suddenly revealed a man's shadow thrown upon the grass near where Mona was stationed.

At first Mr. MacAlastair supposed it to be his own, but a moment's reflection showed him that it could not possibly be so, for the position which he occupied prevented the light from either falling on him or reflecting his shadow. Moreover, he had not moved, and the shadow belonged to some one who was moving—who was stealthily approaching in his direction—who would soon reach the very place where he was.

Mr. MacAlastair noiselessly drew back from the wall, and enscathed himself in a shattered turret close by, where he could not only catch a glimpse of Mona, but could note the movements of him

who owned the tell-tale shadow. If it was Sholto who approached, and if he knew that the laird was in the ruins, it would be easy to reveal himself. If the unknown individual was on an unlawful errand, and was unaware that he had been observed, it was well the witness should note his proceedings from a vantage ground of concealment. Such thoughts passed rapidly through MacAlastair's mind as he took possession of the new position. Yes! there was no doubt some one was coming along the inner wall; but whether the some one knew of Mr. MacAlastair's presence or not was another matter, and that worthy gentleman became strongly moved by his impulsive Highland blood to stand forth and demand, "Friend or foe?" Fortunately he restrained himself, and the shadow passed slowly along, paused, changed its position, lengthening as it moved nearer, and at last Mr. MacAlastair caught sight of its original passing cautiously over the debris close by, and evidently desirous of reaching the very spot where the laird had been leaning over to contemplate his niece, a place well chosen for that purpose, and for none other. Now who, besides himself, save Sholto, would care to put himself to so much inconvenience for the mere sake of looking upon Mona? That was what the laird asked himself at the moment when he saw the stranger step forward and peer cautiously over the wall. But even the indistinct light did not prevent MacAlastair from deciding at a glance that it was not his nephew who stood before him. No disguise of dress could identify Sholto's slim figure with the short-necked muscular person of the stranger, and a well-grown black beard was not the hirsute appendage which would adorn a boy's face. Although the man's harsh expression and otherwise unprepossessing appearance was somewhat shrouded by the twilight, MacAlastair judged him to be a very disreputable specimen of the *genus homo*. Had he met the fellow on the heath, he would have dubbed him poacher, or worse, without hesitation; and though he might be a messenger from Sholto, Sholto's uncle thought, "the poy might have found a more likely-looking friend."

Utterly unconscious of the laird's vicinity, the man stretched forward to get a nearer view of Mona. She had changed her position slightly, so that only her head and shoulders appeared above the heap of stones against which she leaned. Her face was turned to the castle, and the chill air had caused her to draw the plaid so close as almost to shroud her altogether. Thus her womanly coil of brown hair was hid from view, and the cap she wore at the time gave her very much the appearance of a bonnie Highland laddie.

The man looked keenly at her, and as he did so the laird said to himself, "You are one of the sort that value human life no more than that of rats."

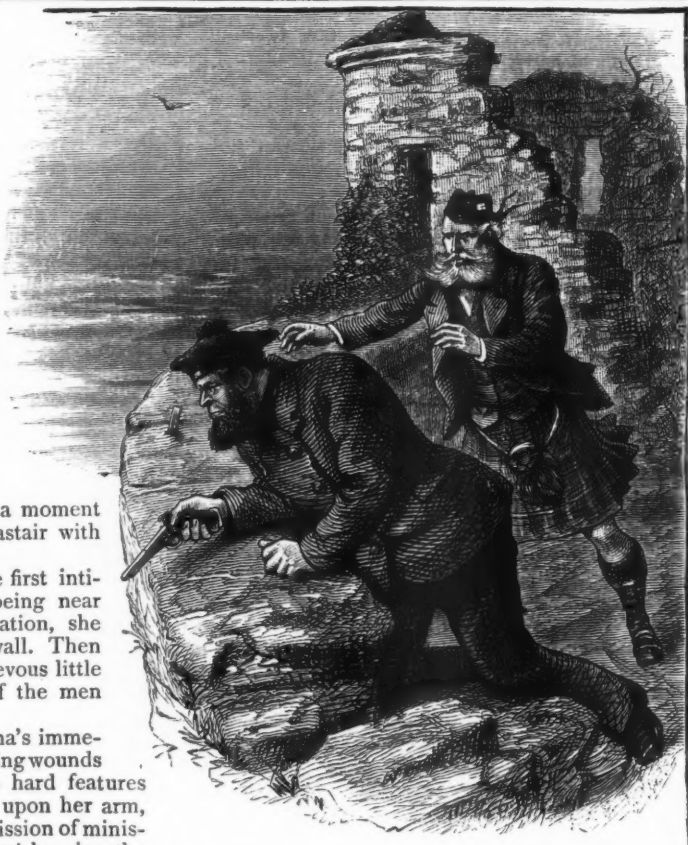
It was only for one instant that the stranger stood to look, for even as he did so his hand slowly sought his pocket, from whence he drew forth a pistol, and, raising his arm, aimed at the innocent, unconscious girl. But MacAlastair had seen the action, and, with a roar of mingled

horror and rage, he sprang upon the would-be assassin, and wrenched the weapon from his hand. Next moment the two men were grappling with each other like a pair of wild beasts. So completely had the stranger been taken by surprise that for one instant MacAlastair had the advantage; but he was no match for the strong young man, who would speedily have rid himself of so old and comparatively feeble an antagonist if an awful accident had not occurred. Ere the villain had collected himself sufficiently to repel his unexpected foe the pistol went off, and its contents were lodged in the evil breast of its owner. Uttering a terrible cry, he recoiled towards the edge of the wall, lost his footing, and in a moment fell over, almost dragging MacAlastair with him.

Her uncle's shout had been the first intimation to Mona of any person being near her, and, looking up in consternation, she saw two men struggling upon the wall. Then came the sharp crack of the mischievous little weapon, and next moment one of the men lay motionless before her.

To run to his assistance was Mona's immediate impulse; and not even the gaping wounds or the repulsive expression of the hard features deterred her from lifting his head upon her arm, and striving to fulfil woman's holy mission of ministering to men "when pain and anguish wring the brow," altogether forgetful of every circumstance

but the fact of his need of her care.



MacAlastair, meanwhile, in making his way through the ruins by a less speedy but more safe mode of descent than that which his unknown enemy had taken, "gave tongue," so as to attract the attention of all his domestics; and in an incredibly short time the stranger was surrounded by a number of astonished Highlanders of both sexes, who could only stare and chatter, and ask each other, "Who is he?" "Where came he from?" "How did it happen?" "Who fired the shot?" "What is it all about?"

The laird went down on his knees beside his late antagonist, and laying a hand on his heart found (to his infinite relief) that life still fluttered there. Angry as he had been, the worthy old gentleman would have been deeply grieved if he had, however righteously, deprived the vilest man on earth of that which only God can give.

"Confound you for a set of idiots!" the laird exclaimed, impatiently. "Can't you run, without being pld, for the doctor? Run, you rascals, and I will preak your heads if you do not pring him pack here in less than no time! Here you, Tonal, and John, and Macphail, come and carry the wretch indoors. My tear Mona, do not frighten yourself more than you can help. We will hear the right of it all presently, and hanging is too goot for the prute, but I don't wish to see a chap, however pad, tie in an unchancie way."

Talking in such contradictory terms the laird

led the way to the habitable portion of the house; and when the doctor arrived from a small town, which fortunately was not farther away than two miles, he found his patient stretched on a mattress in the dining-room, and everything done for him that Mona's skill and her uncle's kindness could have accomplished for a more deserving sufferer.

The man had not spoken at all, and the only sign of life was an occasional moan or convulsive shudder; but after the doctor had extracted the bullet and dressed his wounds a slight tinge of colour spread over the dark features, and he breathed more quietly.

"He will come round, now, doctor?" Mr. MacAlastair asked, anxiously; but the doctor shook his head, and, drawing the speaker from the room, informed him that he did not expect there was much chance of recovery for the poor wounded wretch.

"The bullet was easily got out," said the doctor, "having lodged in the shoulder quite near the surface, but it had ploughed its way through the chest, and I fear he may be mortally wounded. Is he a housebreaker or poacher, Mr. MacAlastair? Poor fellow! he has paid dearly for his thieving propensities."

"We do not know who he is or where he comes from;" and then Mr. MacAlastair gave the doctor a brief account of all that had happened, ending the story by saying, "though why the prute should wish to shoot my tear innocent girl, who never so much as hurt a fly in her life, I cannot guess; and the only consolation I have in reflecting upon his present condition is that if that pullet had not found its way into himself it would have been the death of Mona."

Presently the stranger opened his eyes and glared wildly around the room, striving to speak at the same time, which brought the doctor to his side at once. "Hush!" he said, laying a firm, not ungentle hand upon the sufferer's brow. "You must not attempt to speak; you are very badly hurt, my man, and you must keep quiet if you wish to give yourself a chance."

Just then Mona returned to the room, from which she had been banished since the arrival of the professional attendant, but where she felt that a nurse was required as well as a doctor. She had taken for granted that the man was some ordinary housebreaker, who had been caught prowling about the house by its master, and MacAlastair had not seen fit to enlighten her further, or perhaps she might have shrunk more than she did from approaching one who had almost taken her life, for what reason he only knew. Bending over him like a pitying angel she whispered words which have helped many a timid Christian through the dark valley, but which carry only terror and despair to the heart of one whose hope is not in Christ. And such an one was he who lay before the girl then. He gazed at her with a wondering perplexity in his eyes, and did not seem to comprehend the chief import of her words; and she gathered from his expression and gestures that he was so altogether engrossed by a wish to communicate some important intelligence, that he could pay no attention to anything else. Then

an idea occurred to her which had crossed her uncle's mind when first he became aware of the man's presence—that perhaps he was the bearer of a message from Sholto. Such a supposition had, of course, been dissipated from Mr. MacAlastair's mind by the fellow's subsequent conduct; but Mona's ignorance of what had occurred in the ruins prevented her from sharing in her uncle's opinion.

"Perhaps there has been some terrible mistake, after all, and the poor man is not so bad as he looks. Uncle is so very impetuous, and he may have misunderstood the other's purpose," she thought. "Is there something you wish to tell?" she asked, gently, and the invalid nodded eagerly. "The doctor thinks you must not attempt to speak at all; but I will try to find out what you wish to say by asking questions, and you can press my hand if I guess right." Then she slipped her soft small fingers within those cruel ones so lately raised to take her life.

Notwithstanding the absorbing nature of all conjectures which related to Sholto's fate, Mona thought first of the sinful soul that was perhaps ebbing away from earth, with no one but herself alive to its awful position; and it was with that thought before her that she began her questioning.

"You know that you are dangerously ill?—that you may not recover?"—(his hand tightened over hers)—"and you feel that you have allowed many opportunities of making your peace with Heaven to go by?" (again the assenting pressure). "But you know that it is never too late to find refuge beneath the shadow of the Cross? You know that Christ can save at the last hour?" (he shook his head impatiently). "There is no other hope for you," she murmured, solemnly; "but never doubt the truth of what I say, for He can and will save you, if you will but believe it."

The look of anguish and despair which was lifted to her face thrilled through Mona's heart, and she was silent for some moments. The doctor and Mr. MacAlastair had withdrawn to the farther end of the room as soon as they discovered that Mona was engaged in the pious duty of ministering to a sick soul; so that there were no listeners when, moved by the subtle instinct of her sex, the girl asked,

"Is there anything you wish to say? Do you think that you can turn to the Saviour when your mind is unburdened of some load upon it?" A quick grasp of the hand told her that she had hit upon the truth, and, trembling in dread of she knew not what, Mona said, "Is it anything about my brother—Sholto Winton?" Again the earnest pressure spoke in the affirmative. "Did you come from him?" An impatient shake of the head extinguished that hope.

"Do you know what became of him?"

The man writhed convulsively, impotently, when she put that question. Then, before Mona could say one word to check him, raising himself by a great effort, he gasped forth,

"I know; he said—said— Young Winton is—is—"

A red flood sprang from between the parted lips, and the man fell back dead!



Who was he? That was the all-important question which could not be answered. He carried nothing by which he might have been identified; and though a minute description of his appearance was widely circulated, no friend or relative appeared to claim his remains, which were interred in a nameless grave in a lonely Perthshire cemetery.

As soon as Mr. MacAlastair discovered that the stranger was no friend of Sholto the old gentleman made up his mind that there was no connection whatever between his nephew and the man, and, by a process of reasoning known only to himself, he came to the conclusion that it would be wise not to tell Mona of the attempt on her own life. The wretched coward was no doubt a common thief, thought the laird, and as such, of course, addicted to indiscriminate acts of violence and murder. He had paid the penalty for his vagaries with his life; therefore Mona would run no risk of being made the mark for his pistol a second time. Why then vex her by telling her of that little episode?

It is a remarkable fact that people intent upon keeping certain circumstances from the knowledge of certain individuals have a "faculty" for confiding the secret to some third party, who is more likely than any one else who might have been selected to reveal the matter to the aforementioned individuals. Mr. MacAlastair did not wish Mona to be told what the man had meant to do, yet he related the whole affair to Mona's lover.

But uncle and niece seemed to be acting at cross purposes all through that time, for Mona concealed from every one those *last words*, which no ear but hers had caught, and she never repeated them until she returned to Prestonpans. I do not know why she did so. Perhaps because she did not put much faith in the laird's judgment. Perhaps because she was afraid of reviving his hopes, and sending him off upon a false scent. Whatever may have been her reason for such reticence, it is certain that she believed the knowledge of that broken sentence would not help any one to identify the man, and she never divulged those significant words until she was conversing alone with Danford Munro. He had already heard the rest of the story in detail from Mr. MacAlastair, and had been more uneasy than he liked to own over what the laird treated so carelessly—namely, the unknown's evident hostility to Mona.

The doctor listened in perfect silence to all she had to say; then he asked, "Would you have recognised Captain Brown after the glimpse you had of him that memorable evening when he was here?"

"I think so, Danford," she replied; "but I am sure it was not Captain Brown. He was not at all like a gentleman in dress or appearance, and he did not speak like an educated man—I mean the tone of his voice was—I can't explain just what I mean, but, you know, however bad a man may be, his up-bringing *will* show itself."

"If that man was not the captain's self, he was the captain's tool. Yes! now I have the key to much! I think I am right. That fellow was identical with the unscrupulous villain who dogged

Sholto at the time of his disappearance from us. I know the sort of fellow: a cut-throat, profligate soldier, hardened by his profession against setting any value upon human life; one who, for a ten-pound note, would send a knife or bullet through an innocent infant's head."

"Have I acted injudiciously in not telling uncle what the man said?" Mona asked, somewhat anxiously; then added, by way of excuse, "you know how very impulsive he is, and I could not be sure how he would take it, for, after all, the words were of no importance. The only thing I thought worthy of note was that he certainly seemed to know about Sholto. But then no tidings could be got further when his death was so awfully sudden. Have I been wrong to keep this little secret until now?"

"No. And when all is said, you only gave your uncle tit for tat; he has not told you a very important item of the story, and you have suppressed another. But I do not believe either of you would have arrived at *my* conclusion even if both had been more frank. And even supposing you had identified the man as Captain Brown's servant, there is still a perplexing circumstance to be explained."

"What did uncle hide from me?" Mona asked, coaxingly; and Dr. Munro, convinced that she ought to be told, replied,

"I am sure you ought to know your uncle's little secret; but even if it were wrong of me to inform you of it, I could not resist that pretty pleading." Then more gravely he continued, "I hope and believe that all chance of a repetition of such a fact has died with that dastard. Mona, do you know of any one who dislikes you?"

"What a funny question! I dare say I make myself exceedingly disagreeable to a great many people. But what has that to do with uncle's wee secret?"

"That man was going to shoot you when Mr. MacAlastair interfered. I can only guess that Brown's revenge has passed from your brother to yourself, but why?"

To Danford's infinite surprise, Mona's face kindled with joy, and she exclaimed,

"Oh, I know! oh! it is all plain to me! Oh, I am so glad! Uncle had dressed me in his Glengarry and plaid, and he said I was startlingly like Sholto. In the dusk the resemblance would be even more apparent, and Captain Brown's servant, prowling about in search of Sholto, would suppose me to be our poor boy. Evidently he had been waiting about uncle's place for some time expecting Sholto to come there. Don't you see, Danford? *And if that was the state of the case, then Sholto may be still alive!* At least we need no longer fear that he fell by an enemy's hand."

"It looks as if you had hit upon the truth, Mona. What a wonderful thing is instinct! henceforth I shall acknowledge its superiority to that slow, blundering faculty which we call reason." Dr. Munro's deepest feelings were usually masked by a joke or bantering speech; and Mona knew him well enough to be certain that he was rejoicing with all his heart over the discovery which he believed she had made. "Now, if I could only find



that wretch the captain," Danford said, after a pause, "I would play out a very pretty game with him. I would tell of his emissary's end, and make him believe we know a great deal more than we do, and in that way frighten the whole truth out of him. But unfortunately I can't find out where he is; I have made every inquiry already, and have only been able to discover that he has gone off to Central Africa, from whence it is a chance if he ever returns."

"I never thought I could ever wish to see him again, Danford, but at this moment I do fervently desire to meet Captain Brown once more," said Mona.

There was no chance of her wish being gratified, or of anything more coming to light, either as regarded Sholto or the man whom Dr. Munro supposed to have been the captain's servant; and the young couple thought it prudent to keep their surmises to themselves—and the police.

## THE BARBER'S SHOP.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.



THE Spanish school of painters, from Galegos to Goya the satirical, include many names but little known in England, though their works may be studied in the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre—such as Castello, Carducho, Gieno, Orente, Ribalto, etc. As a rule, we content ourselves with Murillo, Velasquez, Ribiera, and a few somewhat lesser lights, as the representatives of Spanish art. When Sir David Wilkie went to Spain, in 1827, and, as the first-fruits of his visit, produced his pictures of "The Spanish Council of War" at Madrid, and his melodramatic "Maid of Saragossa," he had greatly altered his style—whether for better or worse was a disputed question. Writing from Madrid, he said that he considered his new style, based upon a study of the old masters, to be bolder and more effective than his old. But, perhaps, if the popular painter of "The Penny Wedding," "The Rent Day," "The Village Festival," and other similar subjects, had selected for his Spanish theme such an incident as that which Mr. Burgess has taken from the Barber's Shop, the productions of the close of his honoured career would have rivalled in popularity those of the meridian of his fame.

Like David Roberts, Richard Ansdell, and John Philip "of Spain," Mr. J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., has delighted in Spanish subjects, and has produced pictures, such as "El Guitarrista," "Licensing the Beggars: Spain," "The Student in Disgrace: Salamanca," "La Soperbia," and that of which we now give an engraving, "The Barber's Prodigy," where, at a glance, we can assure ourselves that we are in the presence of the people of Spain. The Spanish barber's shop is here presented to our view, with its carpet spread over the tiled floor, its little furnace, on which is the jug with hot water and two razors being kept warm; its massive chairs and panelled dado; its mirror, clock, guitar, and pictures of a bull-fight, underneath one of which hangs a board for a game; its cabinet, with stock-in-trade of razors and pomades; and its table, on which is a wig upon a block. Of the seven figures, the barber, in his shirt-sleeves and white apron, occupies the centre of the composition, holding his shaving-basin in his right

hand, while, with pleased face, he is pointing to his youthful prodigy, a bare-legged boy, also in his shirt-sleeves, who kneels on one knee, modestly glancing aside, but listening to criticism, as he holds open a portfolio of his own sketches. One of these is already in the hands of an elderly ecclesiastic, seated in one of the massive chairs, with the white cloth tucked round his chin, his great shovel hat leaning against the chair, under which is his shaving-basin. He looks benevolently through his spectacles, evidently pleased with the lad's performance. So also is his fellow-ecclesiastic, who looks over his shoulder, and rubs his hands, while an elderly man, in a large peruke, bends forward, glasses in hand, and adds his criticism. The comely wife stands behind her husband, with folded arms and satisfied countenance.

The only impatient person is the Sancho-Panza-looking man in gaiters, with the lather upon his face and the cloth tied round his neck, who has dropped his cigarette on the tiles, placed his sombrero and stick on the next chair, and, having no sympathy with art, is only anxious for the barber to come to him and complete the shaving. The picture tells its own story, and is admirably designed and put together, with that air of naturalness and sense of humour which Wilkie could also have placed upon his canvas, if he had selected such a Spanish theme as this, instead of a Maid of Saragossa.

Though, except for the sake of costumes and surroundings, Wilkie need not have gone so far as to Spain in quest of such a subject; for he could have found a precisely similar incident nearer home, in the early history of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., as recently narrated in these pages. It is quite possible that a scene may have been witnessed in that barber's shop in Maiden Lane very similar to the Spanish subject depicted by Mr. Burgess. It is stated that an early manifestation of little Turner's taste for colour was made one day when he had accompanied his father to the house of a gentleman whose hair had to be dressed. On the table lay an emblazoned coat of arms, and, when the lad returned home, he reproduced from memory, to the best of his ability, the crimson lions of the armorial bearings. From the well-

known eccentricities of this great genius, it is hazardous to assert that he was ashamed of his homely appearance and humble birth, but it is certain that he had a remarkable repugnance to having his portrait painted. I remember, however, to have seen in the famous collection of Mr. Charles Birch, Metchley Abbey, Harborne, near Birmingham, a fine portrait of Turner, by Linnell, said to be an excellent likeness. Turner frequently dined with the Rev. Mr. Danniell, and Linnell was asked to meet him on several occasions, when, by means of surreptitious sketches on paper and thumb-nail, Linnell contrived to get together his materials for that portrait of the barber's son, for which Mr. Birch gave two hundred guineas.

Another genius, although of a different stamp, who passed the early part of his life in a barber's shop, was Sir Richard Arkwright, whose invention of the spinning-jenny, and other machinery connected with cotton-weaving, founded a new and important branch of our national industry. Born at Preston, in 1732, the youngest of thirteen children of poor parents, he was apprenticed to a barber, and, until he was nearly thirty years of age, he went through the daily routine of the barber's shop. In the year 1760, or soon after, he began to travel as a dealer in human hair, which he sold to the wig-makers; and the success of a dye that he had invented, by which he raised the value of the hair that he sold, is supposed to have given him the idea of the worth of those patented inventions to which he shortly began to devote his whole powers, and which eventually led him to wealth, distinction, and honour. Thus the cotton trade owes its present position to the talents and persevering industry of a poor barber.

Out of a barber's shop, at Canterbury, came the future Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Charles Abbott Tenterden, who, as a boy, assisted his father in the business, and went with him to the houses of those upon whom he professionally waited. The boy is remembered to have been as "decent, grave, and primitive-looking" as his father. Lord St. Leonards, Lord Chancellor of England, was also the son of a hairdresser. So was Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose father was a barber at Cambridge. Another Taylor—Dr. John Taylor, Archdeacon of Buckingham and Canon of St. Paul's—was also a barber's son at Shrewsbury, and his father wished to bring him up to his own trade, but, in deference to the advice of a gentleman of fortune, he allowed his son to attend the Grammar School, where his literary abilities were soon discerned. The father of the celebrated Belzoni—athlete and traveller—was a barber at Padua. John Folez, an old German poet, was himself a barber. John Kershaw, the founder of the celebrated printing firm at Leeds, began life as a barber. He had always in his shop a plentiful supply of newspapers and periodicals, that could be read by his customers while they were waiting to be shaved. He received orders to supply these regularly to certain customers, which circumstance proved to be the foundation of his future business. As he devoted himself on Sundays to teaching in a Sunday school,

his barber's shop bore the somewhat unusual notice, "This shop is closed on Sundays."

When John Kershaw put up that notice, his friends prophesied his failure; for, at that time, and, I fancy, even down to the present day, there were many who never troubled a barber but one day in a week, and preferred to go to him on a Sunday morning to have "a shave and a clean up." Hood refers to this hebdomadal shave in his poem, "Our Village":—

"There's a barber's, once a week well-filled with rough,  
black-bearded, shock-headed churls,  
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two  
masculine ladies in false curls."

These customers of the barber's shop must have resembled that country bumpkin,

"Poor Hodge, who suffered from a big black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose ;"

whom Peter Pindar made to be the victim of that rascally razor-vendor, who sold razors that were "made to sell," and not to cut. They would not, however, be such formidable customers as was the long-bearded foreigner in George Cruikshank's etching, who jauntily enters the barber's shop, and addressing its owner, says, "You shave-a for a penny: then shave-a me!" One of the pieces in which Master Betty, "the Infant Roscius," appeared, represented the outside of a barber's shop, on which was printed this couplet:—

"What do you think,  
I'll shave you for nothing and give you some drink."

The customer accordingly claimed a gratuitous shave, and a glass of something to drink, when the barber explained that the couplet was to be read thus:—

"What ! do you think  
I'll shave you for nothing and give you some drink ?"

"Of course I won't do anything of the kind ; so pay up for your shave !" The couplet has since obtained an almost proverbial fame.

The penny easy-shavers have been delineated for us by Dickens himself, in the amusing person of Poll Sweedlepipe, barber and bird-fancier, in whose first-floor front Mrs. Gamp was a lodger, and had that memorable quarrel with Betsy Prig. In his easy-shaving shop, "Poll Sweedlepipe shaved all comers at a penny each, and cut the hair of any customer for twopence." How he shaved Bailey junior will not be forgotten by the readers of "Martin Chuzzlewit." In those early numbers of "Master Humphrey's Clock," where the conferences of "The Clock" and "Mr. Weller's Watch" formed a leading part of the contents, Dickens introduces us to Mr. Slithers the barber, or, as he himself said, "If I might rise to order, I would suggest that 'barbers' is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will

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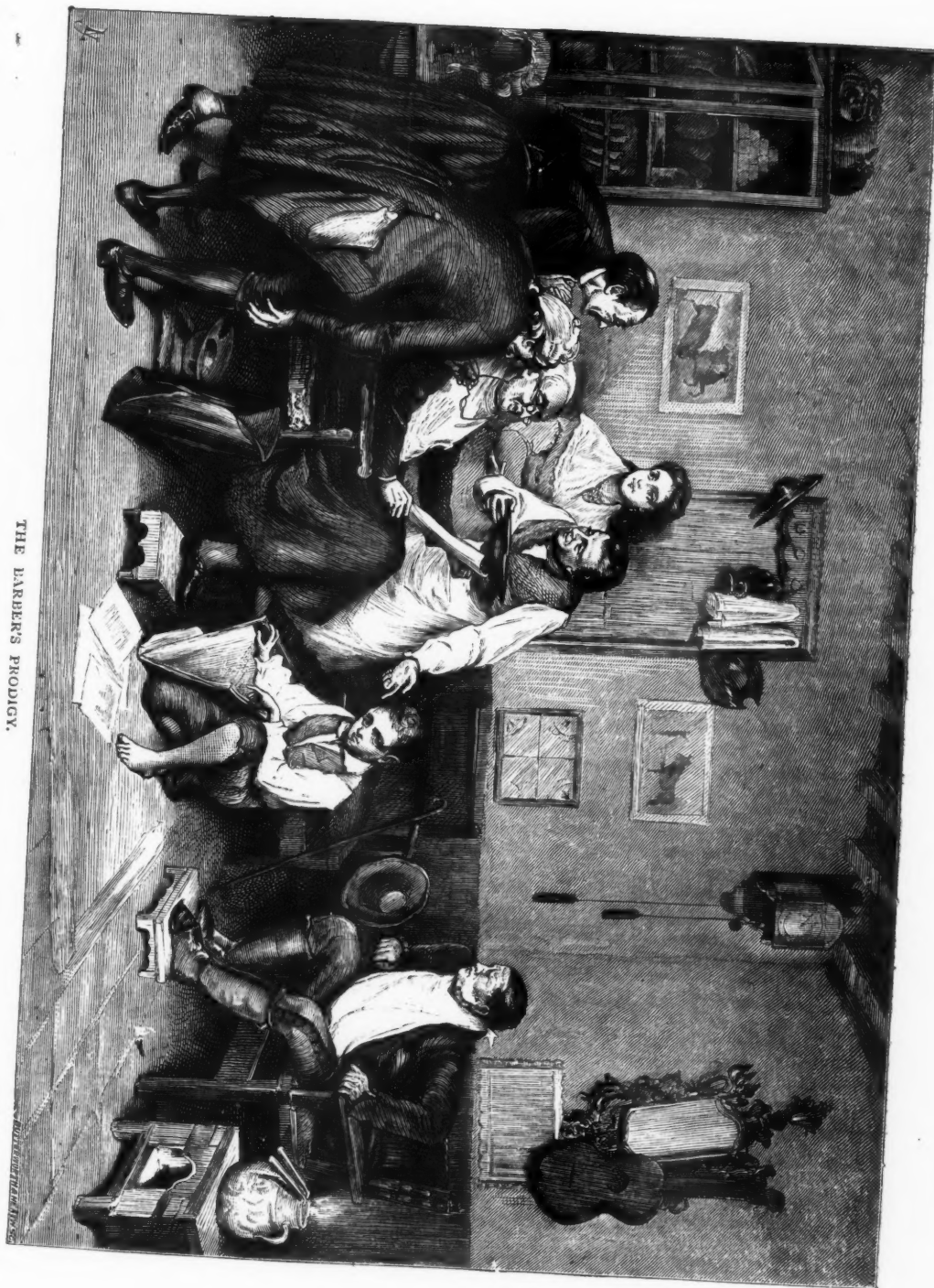
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THE BARBERS' PRODIGY.

J. B. Hargreaves





correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe there is such a word in the dictionary as 'hairdressers!'"\* Then Sam Weller tells that wondrous story of Jinkinson the barber, whose "whole delight was in his trade. Easy shavin' was his natur', and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. He spent all his money in bears, and run in debt for 'em besides." And there is also that other story of Sam Weller, concerning the smart young hairdresser, who fell madly in love with one of the wax dummies of ladies in his own shop-window, and vowed "Never, never vill I enter into the bonds o' vedlock, until I meet with a young 'ooman as realises my idea o' that 'ere fairest dummy vith the light hair. Then, and not till then, I vill approach the altar." One of Thackeray's stories was that concerning "The Barber of Stocks-bawler." Fielding, in "Tom Jones," made his faithful servant Partridge to be a classical barber; and Smollett, in "Roderick Random," sketched another Latin-loving barber, who was no other than Hugh Hughson, who kept a barber's shop in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.

Education, cheap newspapers, and popular literature have combined to rob the barber's shop of much of the importance that it formerly possessed, and the present fashion of wearing the beard and moustache has lessened the demands for the daily—or weekly—application of the razor. The late Mr. Mechi, whose "Magic Strop" was such a pecuniary success, stated that his receipts were diminished to the extent of £1,500 a year when shaving went out of fashion. Byron pronounced shaving to be "a daily plague," and says that—

"men for their sins  
Have shaving too entailed upon their chins."

Shakespeare makes Enobarbus to say—

"By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave to-day!"

And afterwards, where, in the same scene, he gives the celebrated description of the first meeting of Marc Antony with Cleopatra, he describes Antony as having gone to the supper—

"Being barbered ten times o'er."

I would here ask Shakespearian scholars what the poet meant by "a censer in a barber's shop." It occurs in the famous scene between Katharine and Petruchio, where the tailor and haberdasher bring her the cap and gown. Petruchio says—

"What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;  
What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop."

The only other occasion when this word is used by the poet is when Hostess Quickly and Doll

Tearsheet are dragged along the street by the beadles, and Doll calls the beadle various names, including this, "Thou thin man in a censer!" Dr. Johnson quotes the first passage from "The Taming of the Shrew" in giving the meaning of the word as, "A pan in which anything is burned: a firepan." This might be a little furnace, like to that in Mr. Burgess's picture; but I venture to suggest that, in these two Shakespearian passages, "censer" must have had some different meaning. Was it a loose robe thrown around the sitter in the barber's chair? The robe may have been perfumed, or incensed, with odours.

"The barber's chair that fits all" customers is referred to in "All's Well that Ends Well" (act ii, scene 2), and the Duke, in "Measure for Measure" (act v, scene 1), speaks of—

"Faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark."

Some instrument of music—as the guitar in Burgess's picture—was generally placed in the barber's shop, so that a musical customer could amuse himself and others during the time that he was waiting for his turn, till his "boist'rous looks" should be, as Milton says,

"By the barber's razor best subdued."

The barber's citterns, with the airs that were then favourites, are mentioned by Morley, Ned Ward, Henry Bold, and other authors of that day; and Tom Brown says: "In a barber's shop I saw a beau so overlaid with wig that there was no difference between his head and the wooden one that stood in the window. The fop, it seems, was newly come to his estate, though not to years of discretion, and was singing the song, 'Happy the child whose father is gone,' and the barber was all the while keeping time on his cittern—for, you know, a cittern and a barber is as natural as milk to a calf, or the bears to be attended by a bag-piper."

The shaving-basins seen in Burgess's picture, with the hollow to fit under the chin, are the same, both in shape and material, as that copper basin that Don Quixote took from the head of the barber, who had there placed it to protect his new hat as he went on his way to bleed a patient. Cervantes's chivalrous knight imagined the basin to be the enchanted golden helmet of Mambrino, the Moorish king, which would make its wearer invulnerable. As Carlyle says of the war between Charles VI of Germany and Philip V of Spain, "Except that many men were killed in it, and much vain babble was uttered upon it, the war ranks otherwise with that of Don Quixote for conquest of the enchanted helmet of Mambrino, which, when looked into, proved to be a barber's basin." Until a recent period barbers were wont to bleed their patients, and, occasionally, to draw their teeth. The familiar barber's pole, with its red spiral coil of colour, is the modern representative of the pole that was given by the barber-

\* Mr. Slithers may have been versed in the etymology of the word, from which it would seem that the barber is a person who shaves the chin, and does not dress the hair.



surgeon to his customer for him to grasp while he was being bled. The tape, or bandage, was twisted round the pole, which, when it was not in use, was placed outside the door.

"'Twas ordered that a huge long pole,  
With basin decked, should grace the hole."

At length, for convenience, a painted pole was substituted for that used by the customers or patients, and the spiral white stripe running down the red pole signifies the bandage for the bleeding. Lord Thurlow mentioned the right of the barbers and surgeons to use these poles in his speech in the House of Peers, July 17th, 1797, when he opposed the Surgeons' Incorporation Bill. In the advertisement issued in 1723, by Don Saltero, for his famous coffee-house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, he mentions, among other inducements to persons to visit his museum, that—

"in requital for the timely favour,  
I'll gratis bleed, draw teeth, and be your shaver."

In speaking of him, Steele says: "The particularity of this man put me into a deep thought whence it should proceed, that, of all the lower orders, barbers should go farther in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men. Watermen brawl, cobblers sing; but why must a barber ever be a politician, a musician, an anatomist, a poet, and a physician?"

Dryden composed a couplet for the shop of a barber who was also a publican:—

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,  
Where nought excels the shaving but the beer."

Sir Walter Scott has given a version of this as a motto in the "Fortunes of Nigel" (vol. ii, chapter 4):—

"Rove not from pole to pole—the man lives here  
Whose razor's only equalled by his beer,  
And where, in either sense, the cockney put,  
May if he pleases, get confounded cut."

One of the most amusing essays in Mr. C. J. Dunphy's "Sweet Sleep," is on "The Misery of Having One's Hair Cut," in which he describes the operators who sigh over you, breathe over you, wildly flourish their scissors at you, and pester you with their bottles of Royal Mesopotamian Crinoresuscitator. He quotes the old Joe Miller of the loquacious barber and the wearied gentleman, who kept saying, "Cut it short!" until the operator said that he could not cut it any shorter, as it was already cut as close as though he had shaved his head; and he also quotes the answer made by Archelaus, King of Macedonia, who, when his barber asked him, "How would you wish your hair to be cut?" replied, "Silently." This anecdote, I would observe, is also attributed to Anaxagoras, and was, probably, in the memory of that classical Figaro of the Rue Racine, Paris, whose motto was

"*Κεῖρω τάχιιστα καὶ σίῶναι*"—"I shear swiftly and keep silence." It has been very ungallantly said of woman, that the reason why she has no beard is, that she would be unable to keep silence while she was being shaved! Prior has some lines to that effect.

But, if a woman may not shave herself, she may shave others; though, within my own experience, I have only known a solitary instance of a female Figaro. It happened that, in the year 1859, in the month of June, I had to remove my "household gods" across country, for the distance of 140 miles. The man who managed this for me made the journey four times, and, on the completion of his task, I asked him—as that route was quite new to him—what had most struck him in his journeys. He replied that there were two things that he had never seen the likes of before: the one was the excessive profusion of buttercups in the meadows; the other was that, when he went to be shaved by a barber, it was a woman who shaved him. This was at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire; and I subsequently found that the woman was an expert shaver, though I never submitted my own chin to her razor. Perhaps, if I had done so, I might have had my risible faculties excited in the same way that befell Grimaldi, the celebrated clown, who, being at Preston, and wanting a shave, looked into a barber's shop, with his friend Howard, the manager of the theatre; but, as they only saw therein "a pretty little girl, about sixteen years of age, who was sitting at needlework," they passed on and called again, but only to find the girl there. Grimaldi said that it was provoking that her father was out, as he wanted to be shaved; whereupon the girl told him that she did most of the shaving herself. The sequel shall be told by "Boz" in his "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi":—"Grimaldi sat himself down in a chair, and the girl commenced the task in a very businesslike manner, Grimaldi feeling an irresistible tendency to laugh at the oddity of the operation, but smothering it by dint of great effort while the girl was shaving his chin. At length, when she got to his upper lip, and took his nose between her fingers, with a piece of brown paper, he could stand it no longer, but burst into a tremendous roar of laughter, and made a face at Howard, which the girl no sooner saw, than she dropped the razor and laughed immoderately also; whereat Howard began to laugh too, which only set Grimaldi laughing more; when, just at this moment, in came the barber, who, seeing three people in convulsions of mirth, one of them with a soapy face and gigantic mouth making the most extravagant faces over a white towel, threw himself into a chair without ceremony, and, dashing his hat on the ground, laughed louder than any of them, declaring in broken words, as he could find breath to utter them, that 'that gentleman as was being shaved was out of sight the funniest gentleman he had ever seen,' and entreating him to 'stop them faces, or he knew he should die.' When they were all perfectly exhausted, the barber finished what his daughter had begun." This humorous episode in the life of the celebrated clown was capitally illustrated by George Cruikshank in an etching entitled

"The Barber's Shop." He afterwards reproduced this in oil, and showed me the painting at his own house, complimenting himself (*more suo*) on his faithful rendering of the effects of excessive laughter on four various persons. It was exhibited in the Cruikshank collection at the Westminster Aquarium (No. 49 in the catalogue); and Professor William Bates, in his Memoir of the artist, said of the picture that it was "instinct with Hogarthian humour, and painted with the knowledge and vigour of that great artist."

I may here mention an anecdote of another comedian—Foote, the actor and dramatist. When passing the King's Bench Prison he noticed that one of the lower windows had been patched with paper instead of glass, and that on one of the paper panes was written, "Shave for a penny;" and, on another,

"Here lives Jemmy Wright,  
Shaves almost as well as any man in England,  
Almost—not quite."

Foote at once decided that he had discovered an eccentricity, and resolved to treat him in an original manner. He therefore took off his hat, and, thrusting his head through the piece of paper, said, "Is Jemmy Wright at home?" The queer shaver promptly put his own head through another papered pane, and replied, "No, sir—he has just popped out!"

The barber's shop has supplied numberless subjects for the pencils of John Leech and other artists. There was the young lady in love, with her long hair all let down, saying to the hairdresser, "Oh, Mr. Tongs! if you will please to cut off a tress of my hair somewhere where it won't be noticed." Then there was that other sketch, by John Leech, which has been so often quoted, where the hairdresser says, "They say, sir, the cholera's in the hair, sir!" The gentleman, very uneasy, replies, "Indeed! ahem! then I hope you're very particular about the brushes you use." Upon which the hairdresser says, "Oh! I see you don't hunderstand me, sir. I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the hair of the hatmosphere." This appeared in "Punch" for April 3, 1852, and, later on, in the same year, Leech had a sketch of an old gentleman, in a barber's shop, asking a very small apprentice for some shaving-soap, whereupon the beardless boy says, "Here's a harticle I can recommend, for I always use it myself!" In October of the same year there was also that well-remembered sketch by Leech, where the little hairdresser has mildly said, "Yer 'air's very thin on the top, sir!" Whereupon the gentleman, of ungovernable temper, jumps up, knocks over his chair, and, assuming a fighting attitude, says, "My hair thin on the top, sir! and what if it is? Confound you, you puppy; do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!" But it would occupy too much space to mention more of these amusing sketches by Leech, Du Maurier, Charles Keene, and others.

The barber's shop gave Douglas Jerrold an idea

which he turned to excellent use. When he was at the height of his popularity, in 1846, he started the journal called after himself, "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper," and in this he wrote a series of dialogues on current events, called "The Barber's Chair." Various customers, named Tickle, Slowgoe, Nosebag, Nightflit, Limpy, etc., met in the shop of Mr. Nutts, barber in the Seven Dials, a character that was, perhaps, drawn from that of Gossip, the talkative and well-informed barber of Temple Bar. Nutts and his customers—occasionally assisted by the Mrs.-Caudle-wife of Nutts—converse on current topics in the fashion that Douglas Jerrold had made his own; and "The Barber's Chair" at once hit the public taste, and gave the newspaper a great sale. Dickens wrote to Jerrold thus: "It is a capital idea, and capable of the best and readiest adaptation to things as they arise." But Jerrold was called to Guernsey, to visit a daughter who was ill, so "The Barber's Chair" was temporarily discontinued, and, when the newsboys were asked, "Any 'Barber' this week?" and had to reply in the negative, the circulation of the paper fell rapidly. It hardly paid its expenses by the time that Jerrold had returned, and, although it revived when he resumed in its columns "The Barber's Chair," yet the paper was brought to an end with a heavy loss to its projector. His nineteen papers of "The Barber's Chair" have been republished by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in a volume, together with "The Hedgehog Letters."

These observations on the Barber's Shop have been made in connection with Mr. Burgess's picture of "The Barber's Prodigy," and I may add that it is not the first time that it has obtained my notice. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1875, in Gallery II., No. 107, in the same room with Marks's "Three Jolly Postboys." It was my good fortune to receive a ticket for the "press view" on the Wednesday in the week before the Exhibition is opened to the general public; and, in the journal for which I was the art critic, I wrote as follows: "This will be remembered as a 'Barber's Shop year,' for there are three capital pictures of barbers' shops, in Seville, England, and Tunis. Mr. F. Barnard, in 555, 'Fifty Years Ago,' gives us the English version, with the bucks of the time laughing at some joke. Depending chiefly on character and light and shade, and not on colour, this is a very clever picture, and an advance on the same artist's crowded canvas of last year. Mr. J. B. Burgess paints the Spanish scene, 107, 'The Barber's Prodigy,' the prodigy being a Murillo-like boy, whose portfolio of sketches is being exhibited to a trio of good-humoured critics by the proud father, while a Sancho-Panxa customer is left ill at ease in the operating-chair with the lather on his chin. This is an excellent picture, full of character and humour. The same may be said of 141 (in the same room), 'A Barber's Shop in Tunis,' by J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., where the barber turns a stream of water on the head of his customer, and other waiting customers are amused by a teller of stories."

## PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

VI.



PORT AT NUKLH.

*Tuesday, March, 23rd.*—We are resting in the middle of the "great and terrible wilderness" of the Et Tih, at its one central halting-place, the grim square fort of Nuklh, which surrounds its solitary well. It stands in a desolate plain in the midst of a desolate waste, in which we are camped. A few dead camels are lying about, which dogs and carrion crows are eating. The commandant, or whatever he is, of the fort has had us in for coffee, with bows, shrugs, and dumb show, while his harem peeped furtively at us round a corner. He looks to be a dirty old rascal, but seems pleased at the break we have made in the monotony of his life, and the inevitable backsheesh with which we have presented him. He has furnished us with a guard of superbly-dressed Bedouin soldiers, who pile arms before our tent door. They walked up with an air of fierce indolence which is indescribable. Being in long robes which sweep the ground, they look seven feet high. There are a

dozen of them. Three at a time profess to take charge of us; the rest squat and talk, our sentinels every now and then contradicting them loudly from their posts, and making the most of their time in so doing, as night is coming on in which there will be nothing to "deny" but Arabic snores. But I dare say that they will join in these.

The journey, after ascending the cliffs of the Et Tih to the desert plateau above them, has been glaring and lonely. We have seen only ravens, who are a sort of camp followers to caravans, wishing us ill. Being, of course, obliged to move on, we spent a strange Palm Sunday in a march of nine hours over an undulating plain, mostly paved with small broken flints, and hard as concrete. All around us played the mirage. Now there seemed to be a bright pool a few hundred yards off, which gave a shudder and vanished as we drew near. Then there appeared a lovely lake with promontories, islands, and trees reflected on

its surface. These were the sparse magnified tufts of dry desert shrub. The illusion was perfect, and then it was gone. Thus we moved on silently, under a broiling sun, all Palm Sunday, this mirage making our course like that through an enchanted land. Counting the region to be traversed after our short pause at Nuklh, we have more than a week of this weird and desolate progress. "Murray" speaks of the Desert of the Et Tih as sprinkled with ruins of villages, fountains, and old wells. It may be so when we reach the borders of Palestine, but here no trace of habitation, old or new, appears, and we march for days without water. This desert journey is wearisome, but I am not sorry to realise such a phase of life—or, I was going to say, death, for the place is fit to crush hope out of a human soul. We wished to have gone to Hebron by Petra, but "war" prevails there. So we cannot pass that way, and are crawling like snails straight across this repulsive wilderness. Indeed, with a seemingly endless horizon before us, we seem hardly to move, for a camel combines the longest legs with the slowest pace.

We have been hearing, through a stolid literal dragoman, the gossip of our gang. It is horrible. Murder and robbery are talked of among them freely. My camel-leader is, as I have said, an "avenger of blood." His father was shot a year or two ago by a neighbour. He has shot the neighbour, and the neighbour's son is going to shoot him, unless he can be killed first. My man's companions speak of the deed as if it were the execution of a lease, and he carries a ma'chlock, dagger, and sword, which bump against him as he plods on before me with the camel-halter over his shoulder. He is a smiling fellow, and kisses his hand to me when we start in the morning. Indeed, he is simply taking in its literal, personal sense, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and as there is no judge and hangman to do it for him, does the awful business himself, and is thought none the worse of by his friends.

To-morrow we enter the territory of the Tiheyah tribe, and proceed under the escort of its great Sheykh, who conducts the Mecca caravan itself through this part of the desert. He is a great gentleman in his way, rides his own camel, and wears a coat of many colours. On our introduction he said, "Goorartunnoarab," by which he meant to indicate that he was not speaking Arabic, but wishing us a good afternoon. Then his English came suddenly to an end. He is a singularly handsome little man, and has, they say, such a position in the desert as to be able in a short time to gather a thousand warriors on camel-back around him.

#### *Beersheba, March 28.*

We have at last reached this place of familiar name, but I can say nothing about it, as the night is very dark, and we have only the assurance of our Sheykh that it is Beersheba. Our leading Bedouin, inappropriately called Solomon, lost his way in the wilderness which bears its name, and we thought we should have to sleep out all night. The sun got low, and then set, leaving us en-

tangled in a region of small rounded hills, exactly alike, which prevented any extended view. We rode up one after another, hoping to catch sight of our tents, which had somehow passed us without being perceived, but there was nothing to be seen beside more barren mounds, and these were soon undistinguishable in the deepening gloom. Our camels were thoroughly done up, and mine, after blundering about, came down with such force as to throw the saddle from his hump, and pitch me upon his head, which I suddenly found in my waistcoat. However, I did not fall off; so, alighting, I rigged the beast up again, and we pounded on in the dark. At last we saw some lights, which turned out to be the fires of an encampment of, fortunately, friendly Bedouin, who told us that "the Sheykh" had gone by with the "camp." Presently we saw his fire too, and were not sorry to reach it. He was sitting quietly by the tent door smoking a pipe, and wondering why we had not come.

We have had a trying ride since we came under his jurisdiction and have taken his detachment of the Tiheyah tribe as our escort. Our march from Nuklh lay at first for three days through barren parts of the Desert of the Et Tih. It is indeed, as I have said, a dreary region, and the more exhausting this year as the usual climatic conditions of the desert are intensified. Generally a cool breeze and bright sky are found here, but in our case these have frequently passed into a flaming sun and icy wind. I do not know how else to express the combination. The wind, moreover, was sometimes so strong that the camels staggered against it, and I was obliged to tie on tightly the Indian helmet which I wore, lest it should be blown off. This mixture of heat and cold is very trying, and so the Bedouin seemed to find it themselves. One of our party, himself a minor Sheykh, became so ill that he was obliged to stop. Happily, about three hours off, there was a tent belonging to his family, so he got on his camel, paced slowly away towards it, and we saw him no more. He was a singularly handsome man, with a face like a mediaeval saint. Before he left I felt his pulse. It was 130, accompanied by rapid respirations and keen pain in his side. He was obviously suffering from acute inflammation of the lungs, and believed himself, I fear too truly, to be dying. He shook his head, and pointed up into the sky. But, gasping as he was, he did not forget to ask me for a special "backsheesh" before he got on his camel to go. His fellow-Bedouin thought less of his plainly-fatal symptoms than of an act on the part of a woman he had lately declined to marry. She, to avenge herself, secretly mixed human blood with some water, and gave it him to drink in the dark. Then she told him what she had done, and he took it as his death-stroke, such a draught being counted deadly. "He must die," said his companions. Some of them, moreover, were keenly touched by the sudden changes from heat to cold, and the rare mixture of them which are often encountered, for they coughed terribly.

The Tiheyah professed to give us better camels than the tribe we had hitherto travelled with, and

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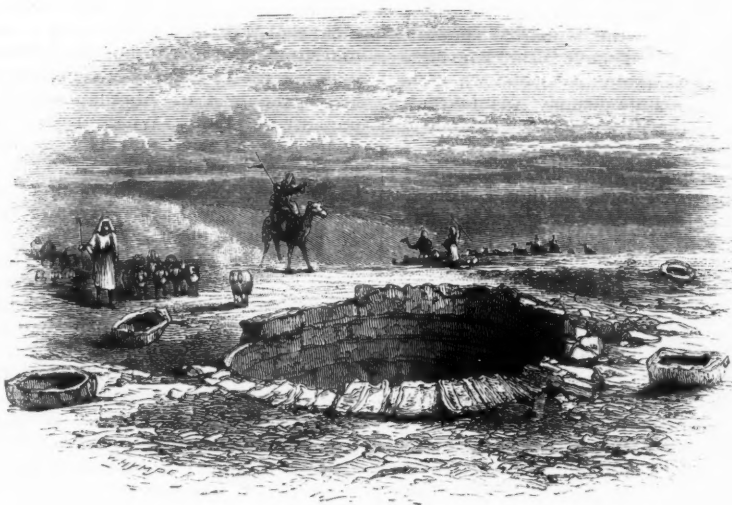


I found a "Mecca dromedary" told off for my riding, a capering, kicking brute—and the kick of a dromedary is a very extended business—which made me think I should be left behind too, with a broken neck. So I picked out an enormous good-natured mare from the drove, and rode for the rest of the journey at an immense height up in the air. We had here an unexpected addition to our troop in the shape of a woman and her baby. "How is this?" we asked. "Oh," was the reply, "her husband is shot, and so she is going home to her friends at Gaza, and intends to go with us." She had only a little bag of flour, no water, and

grass, seemingly no bigger than a hearthrug, set with daisies. It was in a sheltered hollow, and like a jewel after the long desert glare. I could have got off my camel and rolled in it.

March 29.

This morning has revealed Beersheba to us. It has nothing in the shape of what may be called a ruin, but extensive foundations mark the site of a considerable village or "city." We had passed several larger sites on our way after leaving Beer-la-ha-roi, but they are nameless. No doubt, however, is felt by experts as to this having been



WELLS AT BEERSHEBA.

merely a few rags on her back. "Who shot him?" was our next query. "His brother," replied the Bedouin. "He had several camels, and his brother wanted them, and so he shot him." And we had the widow on our hands for a week. Of course we gave her water and food, and dressed her and the baby out as well as we could. At first, not being quite sure about the disposition of some of our gang, she walked for hours under the shelter of my monster camel, and every night lit herself a separate fire, and squatted for safety just in front of our tent door. But before she left us to branch off to Gaza she made friends with our troop, and eventually departed under the escort of a man who had suddenly joined us, and had the character of having been a distinguished robber. Verily, this desert society has queer phases. The wilderness began to die out at Muweileh, or Beer-la-ha-roi, where Isaac dwelt, and where we began to crawl into signs of human life, and to scent Palestine. It is a sort of oasis, and presented us with a few patches of corn and two or three fig-trees. The region, however, grew barren again for a while. Then the sand began to change into soil. Occasional beds of small separate flowers grew straight up, exactly as I have seen them represented in some early pre-Raphaelite pictures, casting clear tiny shadows on the yellow ground. I shall not forget, too, the first little patch of

Beersheba. Its wells are still here, and are still used. They are some nine feet across, and their stone rims are worn into deep furrows with the ropes of long-distant generations. Grand old wells! Standing by them we look northward over miles of bright-green pasture dotted with flocks of white sheep and black goats. But the inexorable hour of camel-loading has come, and we must be off.

Hebron, April 1st.

I add a few more words to my letter on reaching the first city in Palestine, for though I might properly have closed this little record of our desert journey at Beersheba, it is at Hebron that we part with one of its prominent features, our Sheykh, his Bedouin, and train of camels, and have prepared for us horses, mules, and a wholly different set of attendants—men in baggy trousers and shabby finery.

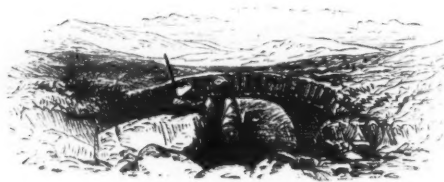
While resting here for a few hours, in the interval between Bedouin and Syrian escort, with a squad of squatting fair-skinned Jewish children looking steadily into my tent door a few yards off, I glance back on the fresh memory of the wilderness which we have now left, and ask myself what has struck me most forcibly in the aspect of the region we have traversed, especially during the last ten days. I think first of the scenery. In

part, it was very remarkable from the shape of divers isolated hills or mountains which we passed. They were round and white. The upper portion of each was clean-shaped, like the top of a huge circular pavilion. Its sides below the circular cap sloped evenly outwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees, like tent walls. These were deeply seamed by the rain of ages, and at some distance presented the appearance of sections, or "gores," of canvas. "Tents of Anakim" came into my mind directly we reached the first group of them. They were perhaps about seven hundred feet high. The slopes of several lines of cliffs were furrowed in the same way as those of these strange isolated hills. We passed also some grand clusters of dark mountains, which, from the apparent craters among their peaks, might have been volcanic. These were not marked in any maps that we had. Murray and Bædeker simply dismiss this journey across the desert of the Et Tih; they consider it to be such as no travellers would care to take, if possible, being too monotonous and wearisome; and I am not surprised at their verdict. Indeed, it was not the nature of the scenery which impressed me so much as the sense of being, as it were, at the caprice of mystic and enormous powers. The mirage, which occasionally filled the distance with huge lakes, or for a few minutes laid a bright pond in our nearer path—to vanish suddenly, as if scooped up by an invisible hand—helped to create this impression, and suggested the presence of some mighty and mysterious influence. There was, however, something else in our surroundings which touched us with an indefinable sense of solitude. Of course, every traveller in these parts expects to realise their emptiness. But we felt—though I speak for myself—so lonely and infinitely small as we crept through the day's march, our caravan was such a feeble little speck on the huge breadths of desert, that one fancied obliteration easy. It was not like being at sea, out of sight of land or sail. There is life in the movement of mid-ocean, but here all was as lonely and barren as the sea, and yet so hard and fixed as to suggest the final rigidity of death. We crawled over the corpse of a country, left to lie there while the rest of the world was alive. There were in the chief course of our march no ruins to tell of man's presence, however remote. The ancient central fort of Nuklh, with its little company, appeared almost modern. Its surroundings might have been "stillborn" offspring of the creation. I cannot express the sense of desolation which brooded over this—I can hardly call it "abandoned"—land, for it seemed as if it had been for ever unused in

the provision of a habitable earth, and never planted with human life. It was with a strange sensation of unaccustomed interest that I looked at a group of dirty children in the first village of Palestine, after creeping up among the hills which led towards Hebron; and when this city was reached its population seemed to be immense.

I somehow expected Hebron to be set on a hill, but find it in a hollow among a circle of round bare limestone summits, among which we have steadily ascended shortly after leaving Beersheba. This ancient city, with the Cave of Machpelah in its midst, is hardly distinguishable from the ruined terraced stone slopes which rise around it. It is true that there are some olive-trees, but the first glance at the place was that of a cup of glaring limestone, with a crowd of square limestone houses huddled round the famous mosque which stands above the dust of Abraham, and probably the mummy of Jacob. What a rush of Bible records come into the mind at this focal Scripture spot! Here—but I will not try to write out or disentangle the mixture of thoughts which crowded up as I got off my camel and sat down on a stone with Hebron before me.

The flowers were opening and the larks singing as we set forth from Beersheba across the pastures towards the grey line of hills which marked the ascent of Hebron. Abraham had traversed these when he went with Isaac to Moriah. But the sentiment of our course was soon marred by a rush of armed ill-looking Bedouin from an encampment, who demanded blackmail. A little sent them grumbling back. We had overstepped the territory of our Sheykh, and when we had for some time wound our way among the bare limestone hills which led up to the high land of Palestine, we found that a serious quarrel existed between him and his next neighbour. We had to send him back to his own land under a military escort from Hebron, or he would probably have been shot by the way. Poor fellow! he was bound to conduct us to that place, but it was sad to see the sense of authority and safety fade out of his face when he had left the border of his own people. Those green pastures are a lawless region. A man was robbed that night not far from our path. We met two mounted Bedouin hunting for him. "What will they do?" we asked. The reply was that if they caught him they would take him to Hebron and get him imprisoned for a year, but that afterwards, when he came out and went home, they would take an opportunity of finding him alone and kill him. This was told us quite openly. It was an ill approach to the "Holy" Land.



## SUSSEX FOLK AND SUSSEX WAYS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COKER EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

VI.



WHEN I was an undergraduate at Oxford I was walking behind two boys in the High Street, and overheard a singular fragment of their conversation, which introduced what seemed to be a proverbial expression, though it was new to me, and

where the boy got it I have never been able to guess. One said to the other, "You're no gentleman!" The other at once retorted, "No gentleman! I have got wit and manners, and you've got neither wit, wealth, nor manners!" Wit, wealth, and manners struck me as being attributes which describe a gentleman a good deal more accurately than "keeping a gig," and many other attempts to define one of the most complex words in our language. Where a common street boy got such a definition I cannot conceive.

The necessity of manners as an element of the definition of a gentleman was early impressed upon me by a story of my father's which was current in his undergraduate days, and which is now probably seventy years old. A discussion had arisen on the question—even then by no means a new one—which of the two Universities was the more gentlemanly in its general tone and spirit? It was at length agreed to refer the decision to a Mr. Besant, then a very popular "whip" who drove between Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Besant flatly refused to arbitrate, on the not unreasonable ground that he was equally kindly received at both Universities. Being, however, at last pressed into compliance, he distinctly gave his judgment in favour of the University of A. His reason being demanded, he at once delivered himself to the following effect: "Well, gentlemen, if you must have my reason, it is this: I am well known both in A and B, and gentlemen in either University are often kind enough to ask me to their parties. Now if a gentleman at A wishes to take wine with me he will say, 'Mr.

Besant, may I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?' But if a gentleman at B wishes to do the same he will say, 'Besant, my looks towards you,' and that, gentlemen, I call too familiar."

The difficulty, however, of inventing a thoroughly comprehensive definition of this particular character is exemplified by another University story of the same date, and from the same source, which tends to the point that even wit, wealth, and manners are not sufficient, unless manners be taken in the very broad Wykhmal sense implied in the motto, "Manners makyth man." Wit, wealth, and manners in the ordinary sense omit the idea not only of personal honesty, but also of that generous confidence in other people's honesty without which no man, according to the following opinion, is a gentleman. Some undergraduates talking to a well-known horse-dealer of the day, said rather off-handedly, "Oh, Smith, how you do take men in about a horse!" "Take men in, sir, take men in, what do you mean? I don't take them in; if a gentleman comes to me and says, 'Mr. Smith, I want a good horse; now you know what a good horse is, so look me out one,' and treats me as one gentleman should treat another, I treats him accordin', but when I show a horse to a gentleman, if he begins at once, 'Why, he's got a spavin, or he's thick in the wind,' and pretends to know something about a horse, why 'of course' I does him." My own experience has certainly taught me to believe that on the whole I get better served by throwing myself on the honour of a tradesman in matters of which I can have but little technical knowledge, than many do who know only just enough to make them critical and suspicious. I say, "on the whole," because the last silk umbrella which I bought on this principle was certainly not successful.

In connection with this word "gentleman," I have been once or twice not flattered. I remember asking a servant whether she knew who it was that had called while I was out, and I said, "Was it a clergyman?" "Oh no, sir," she replied, "it wasn't a clergyman, it was a gentleman." An "old soldier" tramp rather amused me some years ago from the same point of view. He did not straightforwardly beg, but as I passed he said to his mate, quite loudly enough for me to hear, "Very like Major Beckwith"—I did not respond—"only more of a gentleman." I was still untouched, and my punishment awaited me. "The major I mean," were the last words that caught my ear.

Among our own people the element of living on income without having to do anything for a living forms undoubtedly a large part of the idea of a gentleman, as was once illustrated to me by an inquiry made of a man who was out of work by a more fortunate neighbour: "Well, Bill, how long have you been 'gentleman'?" Fortunately, however, freedom from the necessity of work is not the whole of the idea, for a poor man who had received a kindness under somewhat onerous conditions from a person whose wealth and leisure were unquestionable, once sadly complained to me, "I don't like dealing with your half-bred gentlemen." It has not often been my lot to hear poor people say much about the blessings of a poor estate. The not unnatural longing of toilers is rather for that haven of rest and freedom from care which they connect with the idea of wealth; and a poor woman once apologised to me for some shortcomings incident to her condition in life, in what sounded at the time very typical words: "Ah, sir, poverty doesn't show our best side." One of our village oracles whom I remember used to say, "Poverty's no sin, but it's precious inconvenient." The poor man in his early days had had plenty to keep him in comfort, but having lived on the principle of a somewhat Johnsonian definition attributed to one of his compeers, that "enough is just a little more than ever a man can make away with," he had come to want.

I often, however, call to mind an utterance from an opposite point of view of one of my poorer parishioners whom I used to take with me when I drove anywhere at night, and with whom I had from time to time considerable opportunities of conversation. One evening in the course of our talk, he said, "Well, sir, in my opinion, a working man who likes work and who has got work to go to, when he comes home of a night ought to be one of the happiest men alive, if he ain't afeard of bein' took for nothin'." This last curiously qualifying clause, which seemed to suggest that the fear of being "took" for something was not unusual among working men, gave a new turn to my inquiries, which resulted in the good man asserting for himself at all events complete faith in the doctrine that honesty is the best policy. This proverb, however, he paraphrased to the following effect: "Good principles, sir, good principles, yes, they be the things; I hold wi' them. Somethin' allus turns up as makes them pay."

For the following items of conversation I claim nothing more than the piquancy given to expressions by the unexpected form which they take. Some years ago I paid a visit, after a long absence, to my birthplace in Cheshire. One of the first persons upon whom I happened to call was a shoemaker, of whom, when I was a boy, I used to see a good deal. Since we had last met I had, of course, considerably developed, and I was no longer the stripling whom he remembered. I looked in over the "half-door" into the shop and said, "Well, William, how are you?" He looked up, pushed his spectacles on to his forehead, and, after a pause, made no more direct answer to my greeting than, "Eh, mester; but it's a grand country yo coom from somewheer." Our

Sussex equivalent would have been that "I did credit to my keep." On another visit, some years later, I called again, when, among other questions, he asked, "Well, mester, and how's the missus?" I answered, "What's the good of asking that, William? Why, I'm not married!" "And you're in th' reet [right] on't," was the prompt but unfeeling reply.

The physical development which struck him was once also a bar to my recognition as curate in my new parish in London. I was introducing myself to my parishioners, and I had done so to a small tradesman who was standing at the door of his shop. After a little talk he called to his wife, who was busy at the back of the shop. "Mary, this is the new curate." "Oh! I beg the gentleman's pardon," was the response; "I didn't think he was 'fine-draw'd' enough for a curate." My rector happened to be considerably less in bulk than myself, and the good woman thought, I suppose, that, be a rector what he might, he ought to be bigger than a curate. In a little shop a few doors lower down the street, occupied at the time of which I am speaking by a working watchmaker, I once picked up a hint as to the sad uses to which the study of human nature is occasionally put. A man happened to be in the shop who was employed in "black work"—or who, in other words, worked for an undertaker—and in saying something about his occupation I remember that he made what sounded to me a cruel statement. "Yes, sir," he said, "it's a rule in our trade that if you want to get your money easy you must send the bill in while the tears is in the eyes." There is no reason whatever, so far as I know, to suppose that undertakers are less tender-hearted than other men, and I took the utterance to mean merely that, under the influence of strong emotions, either of sorrow or of joy, people are less disposed to raise questions and disputes than they might be in quieter moments. It is only now and then that I find a bridegroom inclined to grumble in the vestry at the amount of the marriage fee, whereas if he were applied to for it a week later he might happen to be very captious.

But to leave St. Mary Axe and its associations, and to return to human nature in its rural aspect.

Shepherds are commonly credited with a good deal of wisdom, the result of much solitary and independent thinking; but the life of the shepherd of poetry is a very different one from that of the modern shepherd, whose sole business is to bring forward his sheep as fast as possible for the butcher.

A hill shepherd in Scotland, who is not engaged from morning till night in hurdle pitching, turnip cutting, and other matter-of-fact work, may meditate and cultivate wisdom, but in our south country, shepherds are much like other men, as far as my experience goes. Once, I confess, I picked up a theory from a Wiltshire shepherd which might have pleased Mr. Darwin. I happened to ask my friend why shepherds set so much store by sheep-dogs without tails. The question was apparently new, and the good man did not answer at once. At last he said, "Well, sir, I do think they be truer bred to sit like."



The following piece of shepherd wisdom I have only had told me, and if it is in print I can only say that I have never seen it. When it was told me, Sir Isaac Newton was made the subject of it, but the point is not lost by the substitution of any other philosopher. Sir Isaac was riding over the downs, pondering deeply over something else than the weather. An old shepherd whom he passed said, "If you don't want to get wet, sir, you'd better make haste home." Sir Isaac looked up at the sky, but saw no sign of a storm, and thanking the man, rode slowly away. The man again advised him to mend his pace. In about a quarter of an hour down came a thunder-plump and wetted Sir Isaac to the skin. He immediately turned his horse, rode back to the shepherd, and offered him a shilling if he would tell him how he knew that the rain was coming. The shepherd at once enlightened him. "D'ye see thik\* old sheep?" pointing to one of his flock. "Yes," said Sir Isaac. "Well, then," said the man, "whenever you do see thik old sheep turn his tail to the wind you may be sure it's going to rain." What Sir Isaac thought of his "wether" glass the story did not say.

I have learnt many a lesson of good management in our cottages which might satisfy the most careful Scot. One thoroughly good manager I prevailed upon some years ago to give me the details, as nearly as she could, of the weekly spending of a weekly income of 16s. 6d. It took the following form:—

	s.	d.
Rent .. .. .	2	0
7 gallons of flour .. .. .	7	0
2 lb. of Dutch cheese .. .. .	1	3
1 lb. of butter .. .. .	1	4
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of soap .. .. .	0	2
Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ d., blue $\frac{1}{2}$ d. .. .. .	0	1
Salt and pepper .. .. .	0	$0\frac{1}{2}$
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of candles .. .. .	0	$10\frac{1}{2}$
2 oz. of tea .. .. .	0	4
2 lb. of sugar .. .. .	0	7
Schooling .. .. .	0	7
Cotton rd., mustard, etc., 2d. .. .. .	0	3
Milk per week, viz., $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pint of skim daily .. .. .	0	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Washing .. .. .	1	0
Mangling .. .. .	0	1
Total .. .. .	15	$10\frac{1}{2}$

The good management lay in getting out of these materials more comfort for a family consisting of husband, wife, and six children, the eldest aged fourteen, than many housekeepers would get out of nearly double the income. One great difficulty is, so to manage that the living shall be about the same on Friday and Saturday as it is on Sunday and Monday. "A feast and a fast," as our folk say, is not an uncommon system with bad managers, whereas forethought and a clear head will naturally greatly lessen this evil. I have tried, but in vain, to persuade my informant to write down for me from time to time the various little recipes by which she gives variety and piquancy to

\* Pure Wiltshire for "that."

the simple substances on which she has to feed the family. If I could only remember the devices that have frequently surprised me by their ingenuity, I should be able to compile a little handbook of cottage economy, for which the authorities at South Kensington would, I believe, thank me. The failures of well-meant attempts on the part of amateur economists to assist the poor in the art of management once met with a rebuke which amused our people when it happened long ago, and which is not yet forgotten. A lady, whose earnest desire to do good was well known in this neighbourhood, had persuaded an undoubtedly bad manager to let her have for once the laying out of the week's money. Having carefully considered what was most needed for the family, she went to the shop, and having returned, laid forth upon the cottage table the things she had bought, giving the woman at the same time some trifling change, and saying, "There, friend, I think you will allow that I have spent your money to rather better advantage than you sometimes do yourself." "Oh, thank you, ma'am," said the woman; "but where's the grist?" All the money had gone in "shop things," and the largest item of outlay, viz., the flour, the good lady had utterly overlooked.

It was just such a manager as the one whom this lady tried to help, of whom one of our shopkeepers told me, after she had gone with her family to America, that he had lost at any rate a steady customer, for that she regularly came or sent for a quarter of an ounce of penny tea, that is a farthing's worth, four times a day. When I asked what her reason could be for not giving an order for at least a whole pennyworth at once, he said that she had no doubt noticed that he did not weigh out the quarter of an ounce, but guessed it, and that so probably she had calculated on getting a little more by taking an ounce at four times than if she had taken it all at once.

Had I been set to guess her reason I should have been a long time guessing this, but I make little question that it was the right one. While I am on the subject of domestic management I may quote a recipe for avoiding family quarrels, which I think may fairly claim credit for good sense. It was given me by an old man as invented and practised by a couple whom he used to know, down "Chidding-lye" way. "You see, sir," he said, "they'd agreed between themselves that whenever he came home a little 'contrary' and out of temper, he wore his hat on the back of his head, and then she never said a word; and if she came in a little 'crass' and crooked, she threw her shawl over her left shoulder; and then he never said a word." If similarly wise danger signals could be pretty largely used, how many unnecessary collisions would be avoided, and how many a long train of evil consequences would be safely shunted till the line was clear again. This self-denying reticence stands, however, I fear, in singular contrast with the "hot supper" which often awaits the husband whose coming home depends more upon "turning-out time"—the time, that is, when our public-houses are cleared and closed—than upon care for the peace and quiet of his family.

## SIR ANTONIO PANIZZI.



*Panizzi*

THE career of this eminent man will frequently be pointed to in future years as a remarkable instance of self-made success; and nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the state of destitution in which Panizzi arrived in London, and the "honour" and "troops of friends" which accompanied his old age. Mr. Fagan, whose biography\* has recently appeared, "clearly recollects hearing Panizzi narrate that, in the days of his indigence, fourteen-pence was all he allowed himself for breakfast and dinner, and how well he remembered spending one portion of an afternoon in gazing through the windows of a cook-shop, watching with hungry eyes the more fortunate mortals who were satisfying their appetites within; and this reminiscence gained additional zest from the fact that it was related at a banquet."

Evidently, however, Panizzi's success was due to more than one happy circumstance. Great as his work at the British Museum was, he would never have had an opportunity of accomplishing it but for the support of those leading men in the state and in society to whom he was useful, alike from his knowledge of Italian affairs, as from his sound and honest judgment respecting them. It

is one thing for a statesman to read about a foreign transaction in a despatch, another to talk the matter over with an intelligent native, more or less intimately acquainted with the persons and the country concerned. Nor would Panizzi have carried out his designs at the Museum as he did, if he had not been gifted with the penetration to perceive what was practicable and what was not; what the public wanted in a reading-room, and would put up with in the way of ornament and outlay; and what they did not want, and would not put up with.

He possessed in a high degree the three qualities of sagacity, patience, and resolution, and thus brought his enterprises to a successful result. It has been said that he was a hot-tempered man, and it is not impossible that this hasty spirit sometimes stood him in good stead. The opposition of the moment was overcome or silenced, and the arts of persuasion, of which he was a master, became much more effective in consequence. In his early days he necessarily had to struggle, and he must have felt that he often did so with men whose abilities were far inferior to his own. Certain it is that he incurred much enmity from being a foreigner, and from the attention he invariably received from men of political eminence. Many of us well remember the disgust which his successive appointments created, not only amongst his fellow-

\* "The Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi, K.C.B.," etc. By Louis Fagan. London (Remington).

labourers at the Museum, but with the public. Englishmen, who loved fair play, nevertheless did not like to see the almost only prizes in a hard-worked and ill-paid department carried off by a foreigner, who, whatever his talents and usefulness to the diplomatic service might be, did not show the most amiable or interesting side of his character to them. It will now be seen that Panizzi was no mere Foreign Office agent, no secret-service tool of the Government, as he was constantly stated to be by his detractors. He was consulted largely, but it was upon equal terms. He preserved his independence of character, and he never seems to have sacrificed his convictions. And when, in the course of time, his grand success at the Museum revealed the fact of his unquestionable genius in the particular groove in which he was working, opposition and obloquy gradually died away.

We have so recently placed before our readers a detailed account of the "Reading-Room of the British Museum,"\* that it would be tedious to repeat the particulars here. The following, however, is Panizzi's own account (and he was not by any means a boastful man), writing to his friend, Dr. Minzi, in October, 1857, of his own performances:—

From Keeper of the Printed Books, perhaps the most important department in this institution, I was appointed Director in Chief (Principal Librarian) of the Museum about two years ago. It is a very high post, but when I came to take charge of the Museum, I found it so badly governed, such was the need of many reforms, that it required an iron resolution to replace order. I attempted it. Every one in the service, great and small (about 230), soon learnt that they had to deal with one who was determined to make things go as they ought. I was already known in my department, which was a model to all others, and every one knew the stuff I was made of. I found a collection of 220,000 printed books, and I left 530,000. I fought for years, defeated a squadron of ignorant men and enemies, who opposed a plan for a new catalogue, which is now approaching completion, and which will be the finest catalogue ever compiled. I made a plan for a reading-room to accommodate 300 readers, who are now more comfortably seated than at their own homes, and of a library which will contain 1,400,000 volumes. The plan was approved by our best architect; the room is now finished and made use of. I am honoured by every one, and my enemies have disappeared. All this has naturally added strength and moral power to my new post. But, through hard work, I felt as if my brain would give way, and so I decided to visit Italy.

A native of Brescello, in the state of Modena, Panizzi came of age just about the time when the duchies, having attained a measure of freedom as a result of the victories of Napoleon, had been relegated back to the sway of their dukes—men hateful alike from their character as from the system of tyranny they administered. When the first outbreak of insurrection in the kingdom of Naples took place in 1820, Parma and Modena were in a flame. Panizzi was accused, with perfect justice, of being a member of the "Carbonari," a secret society which, according to Mr. Fagan, derived its name from the "charcoal-burners" of the Jura, who seem to have been the first at this epoch to kindle the embers of the sacred fire of liberty. He

escaped with difficulty, owing to the connivance of a friend amongst the police authorities, and being compelled to quit Geneva, where he had taken refuge, arrived in London in safety. In his absence he was indicted, tried, condemned, and sentenced to death, and, it even appears, was executed in effigy. Notwithstanding his occasional deprivations, he had an eye to one of our national failings. Writing from England to a friend, in October, 1822, he says: "Here I have been received with sincerity and kindness. I also admire the virtuous habits of the English, *but cannot get used to their mode of cooking.*" Not a few of Panizzi's compatriots and other illustrious exiles have doubtless echoed the same sentiment. Let us hope that we have made *some* advance, slight though it be, beyond the benighted state of things in 1822.

Panizzi's first regular employment in England was at Liverpool, where he received immediate aid and assistance from Mr. Roscoe, author of "The Life of Leo x," and formed the acquaintance of Mr. Haywood, translator of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," between whom and Panizzi there sprang up a life-long friendship of the closest kind. As a teacher of languages and lecturer on literature, Panizzi gained a livelihood, but was much depressed by the cold and gloomy climate. Here he received a curious bill for money due:—"It was from the Inspector of Finances and Tax-gatherer (Ispettore ed Esattore di Finanze) at Reggio, who, having heard of Panizzi's escape and arrival in Switzerland, sent him an account of money spent in preparing his accusation, sentence of death, and even for the expenses of his execution, *in contumaciam*. The actual sum demanded was two hundred and twenty-five francs and twenty-five cents, including the usual fee for the *hangman*."

Having won much good esteem and made valuable friendships—therein furnishing a marked contrast to his unhappy compatriot, Ugo Foscolo, who, coming into collision with those who might have aided him, alienated their regard, sunk into deep poverty, and died miserably in 1827—Panizzi left Liverpool for London in the spring of the same year. To Lord Brougham is due the honour of having so far recognised Panizzi's merits as to obtain for him the chair of Italian Literature at University College. This, it appears, was only a barren honour in point of emolument. Roscoe introduced him to Samuel Rogers, and Brougham to Lady Dacre, who had ably translated some of the poetry of Petrarch. Macaulay also, though absorbed in his Indian labours, finds time to chat with Panizzi on Italian literature.

In 1831 his connection with the Museum began. In this year he was appointed Assistant-Librarian, with a salary of "£200 per annum for five days in the week, and £75 for extra attendance to Mr. Walker." It may readily be imagined that the appointment was extremely unpopular. Panizzi got into troubled waters with Sir F. Madden, Mr. Forshall, and even, for a time, with the gentle and courteous Sir H. Ellis. Some were jealous at the introduction of the "foreigner;" others displeased at the independent spirit and reforming tendencies of the new-comer—disturbing to their settled

\* "Leisure Hour," 1880, p. 685.

habits, and threatening the introduction of novelities, to them alike onerous and distasteful. Panizzi's new notions about the uses of the National Museum are thus formulated:—

(1) The Museum is not a show, but an Institution for the diffusion of culture.

(2) It is a department of the Civil Service, and should be conducted in the spirit of other public departments.

(3) It should be managed with the utmost possible liberality.

This sounds to us only like plain common-sense. But it was considered a terrible innovation in times when the Committee (as in 1759) reported that they did not think the attendance of the officers of the Museum, *during the six hours* that the Museum is kept open, *a wanton or useless piece of severity*, considering that the *two vacant hours* might be occupied in better arranging the collections. The officers grumbled at having to attend *six hours*, of which the public were allowed to enjoy *four*! What would they have said to these days—not only of long attendance, from nine to five or six o'clock, but of electric light till eight in the evening? Even so late as in 1836, visitors were excluded when they had most leisure to attend, and when, as Sir H. Ellis observed, "*the most mischievous part of the population was abroad*," and on the ground that if people were admitted on holidays "*the place would really become unwholesome*."

In 1841 the assistants of the Museum, whose position was much improved by Panizzi's constant exertions, formed themselves into a committee for forming rules for the new general catalogue of the library. Each of the members of the Committee, namely, Panizzi, Thomas Watts, J. Winter Jones, Edward Edwards, and John Henry (afterwards Serjeant) Parry, separately prepared a scheme of rules according to his own views. These were then compared and discussed, and the differences put to the vote. The result was a set of rules, which were printed on the 15th of July, 1841, and, according to Mr. Fagan, are the most complete ever compiled. Not only in this country were they adopted, but they were approved throughout Europe and America. Of late years, as we see, the principle of *printing* the catalogue has come to be adopted, with what results the uninitiated in this complex matter have yet much to learn.

In 1842 Panizzi wished to visit his native country, but conditions were imposed by the Austrian Government, and his project remained unfulfilled.

At about this period Mazzini comes within the circle of Panizzi's acquaintance, but only for a moment. Between the two men there was really little in common. Both were patriots, but, whilst Panizzi leaned always to the safe and Conservative side in politics, the other had decidedly subversive and Radical proclivities. Mr. Fagan says:—

Often has he heard Panizzi relate how, on a certain journey, whilst waiting for a seat in the stage-coach running between France and Italy, one morning early, almost before daybreak, he, on taking his seat, recognised close to him the figure of a man, in blue spectacles, and carefully enveloped in his long Italian cloak. It was no other than his

*quondam* friend Mazzini, who finding his incognito discovered, whispered, *Per amor di Dio, Signor Panizzi!!!* (For the love of God, Signor Panizzi!!!) As might be expected, Panizzi assured him of his perfect safety. The frontier was passed, after a most scrutinising search by the French and Piedmontese authorities.

The biographer also remembers one afternoon, about the year 1860, whilst walking down Fleet Street, in the company of Panizzi, being desired to look towards the left, on doing which he perceived a man of very dark complexion, in a shabby black coat, with a silk kerchief wound round and round his neck, without collar, waistcoat buttoned high, and with downcast eyes, standing by the side of one of the small archways of what was but recently Temple Bar. Panizzi observed, "That is Mazzini." No bow, no sign of recognition passed between them.

In 1845 Panizzi seems to have made another attempt to revisit Modena, but the answer sent by the authorities to his request was so discourteous that he wisely refrained from approaching nearer than Parma, where numbers of his old acquaintances flocked to meet him. On his return, Samuel Rogers sent him an invitation to breakfast, congratulating him on his escape from peril.

Turning to home affairs, we are made acquainted with the particulars of the Grenville bequest to the Museum. In November, 1845, Panizzi called upon Lord Grenville, who told him that, in consequence of the conduct of the trustees, who, he believed, had behaved ill to Panizzi in order to vex him (Lord Grenville), he had intended to leave his library to the Duke of Buckingham, to be kept at Stowe as an heirloom, but that Panizzi's generous conduct in forgiving the trustees had made him (Lord Grenville) think he ought to do likewise. Accordingly he promised to bequeath his books to the Museum. A memorandum, describing this conversation, was delivered, sealed up, to Mr. Hamilton in November, 1845, and was opened on the 18th of December, 1846, the day after Lord Grenville's death. No more handsome testimonial to the merits of the librarian can well be imagined than this conversation, the details of which rest of course wholly upon Panizzi's testimony, recorded at the time. In the result the Grenville Library became the property of the nation; and if Panizzi's account of what took place is to be trusted, as we for our part do not doubt, then to him this country is in a great measure indebted for this accession to its treasures.

In 1850 the trustees imposed upon Panizzi the invidious task of enforcing the provisions of the Copyright Act, whereby every publisher is compelled to forward copies of every work published by him to the several public libraries, including the British Museum. There can be no doubt that this measure does in some aspects look very much like confiscation. It seems unreasonable that the State, in its character of public book-provider, should not be compelled to go into the market like a private purchaser, and pay money for the property it acquires. It is a tax upon a limited class of the community, extremely difficult to justify on any just grounds. Being, however, the law, the Museum trustees were bound to enforce it, and Panizzi, their agent, was exposed to great obloquy. The bitter controversy with Mr. Bohn, the publisher, will still be remembered by many.

Panizzi was little of an author himself. It



appears that he entered with great zeal into the publication of Dante, by Lord Vernon, from four original valuable texts, and he produced an elaborate treatise to show that Francesco da Bologna was identical with the great Bolognese artist Raibolini, known as "Francia," a question interesting mainly to experts. He was far more occupied with cultivating social intercourse than with solitary labours of the pen.

Many interesting anecdotes are told in the biography, as of Mr. Carlyle's application to have a private room all to himself, for the purposes of study, in the Museum, a request which Panizzi very properly opposed, and the trustees were unable to comply with.

It was in 1856 that Panizzi reached the summit of his ambition by being appointed Principal Librarian on the retirement of Sir Henry Ellis. Two names have on these occasions to be submitted to the Crown, the nominees being the "Principal Trustees" of the Museum, who are three official personages, the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Some anxiety was felt first as to whether Panizzi's name was one of the two sent in; then whether of the two he would be the one selected; but the matter never was, it is believed, really in suspense for a moment.

One of the most honourable traits in Panizzi's career was his devotedness to the cause of his fellow-countrymen, who were being persecuted and imprisoned in Italy for their political opinions. Here the generosity of his character shines out, unobscured by petty Museum squabbles and quarrels with London publishers. In 1851 Panizzi was at Naples, where he sojourned in Lord Holland's house at the Palazzo Roccalla, and here we extract the following from Mr. Fagan:—

Shortly afterwards, Panizzi's interview with Ferdinand II took place, on which occasion he was accompanied by Mr. Fagan. The day fixed was a Sunday, the hour twelve at noon. At ten minutes to twelve they arrived at the palace. "We are before our time," said Panizzi. "Now the first question the king will ask will be, 'Have you been to church?'" So they at once hastened into the church opposite (San Francesco di Paolo), and remaining but a couple of minutes, came forth prepared to stand before the king and answer, with clear consciences, this expected question, which, in fact, was the first the king put to them.

It was quite clear that his Majesty was fully aware, through information obtained from spies, of all Panizzi's movements. He received him, however, with the greatest courtesy, and almost before he himself had uttered a word, allowed him to talk on the subject of Poerio and Settembrini, and the prisons of Naples. On this theme Panizzi descanted uninterruptedly for full twenty minutes, when the king rose, closing the interview with the remarkable words, *Addio terribile Panizzi*.

Here also a personal trait is introduced by the biographer.

Like all truly great men, and in particular Henry the Great of France and Navarre, Panizzi, when in the company of his friends, was devoid of all feeling of unofficial personal dignity, and delighted, when not seriously engaged, in little diversions as free, if not as innocent and touching, as those indulged in by that great monarch.

On one occasion—he was by nature so physically sensitive as (to use a common phrase) to be excessively ticklish—Dr. Chepmell, and another intimate friend, Signor Carafa,

had got him on the floor, and were subjecting him to the titillating operation. They were rolling him in the fireplace—his face was black with charcoal, his clothes white with ashes—when suddenly a servant announced the Duca di X—, who had come to pay his respects to the "Great Pan." All the astounded duke could do was to stand in the middle of the room and gaze, speechless, hat in hand, on the unexpected and inexplicable spectacle.

A sketch of the hideous prison at Naples, called The Vicaria, follows, and of the two most eminent state prisoners of that day, Poerio and Settembrini, on behalf of whom, and of their wretched fellow-sufferers, Mr. Gladstone issued those noble and eloquent letters which touched the conscience of Europe, and led to the sweeping away for ever of these inhuman barbarities. We read also of a gallant attempt by Panizzi and other friends to rescue Settembrini from the horrors of his incarceration on the "remote sea-girt rock" of Nisida. In spite of the difficulties arising out of the exigencies of the Crimean War, a vessel was chartered, called the Isle of Thanet, and full instructions were sent to the friends of the prisoner as to signals and passwords. The document concluded thus:—

"Now if Madame Settembrini has a short memory, it will be best to commit these points to writing, and enclose them in a wax pill covered with gutta-percha (a piece of which is enclosed), and which she will put in her mouth and swallow, if examined closely at the Convent. But better still if there be nothing in writing."

Unfortunately, as it was considered at the time, for all these preparations and all this trouble and expense, the vessel foundered in a storm, soon after her departure. Thus the enterprise failed. But the manoeuvre whereby the Italian exiles, on their voyage to America, managed to compel the captain to alter the ship's course, and land them at Kingstown, Dublin, instead of at New York, is scarcely less romantic than the Isle of Thanet attempt.

Briefly told, it is this. Poerio, Settembrini, and the others were made to embark in an Italian man-of-war, the Stromboli, which duly conveyed them to Cadiz. They were accompanied on the voyage by another Italian ship of war, the Ettore Fieramosca. At Cadiz Settembrini was one morning informed that an English officer on board the latter vessel, named Captain James, wanted to see him. On arriving, he was amazed to find the "English officer" to be no other than his son Raffaele, who had assumed the disguise of the captain of a merchantman trading between London and Madeira. Having been at school in England, and being then in the English merchant service, he was well able to carry out this personation. No recognition passed openly between father and son, but the latter was able to whisper to the former, "You shall not go to America." Shortly afterwards an English vessel, called the David Stewart, Captain Prentiss, commander, was chartered to take the prisoners to New York. On board this ship the so-called "Captain James" contrived to get himself engaged as steward. The David Stewart, in the course of a few days, put to sea, escorted by the two frigates, which having

made a good offing, left her, and returned. Thereupon a plot was formed to compel Captain Prentiss to return to England. Matters were somewhat precipitated by the explosion of a percussion cap, accidentally trodden upon by a seaman; and in the result the "passengers" showed themselves so completely the masters of the ship's crew that the captain had no alternative but to yield, especially as the mutineers were able to produce a competent navigator in the person of the versatile "Captain James," who now made his third appearance in the character of a "mate on the Galway line of steamers." Great was the disappointment of certain American sympathisers, who were prepared to give the exiles a public welcome at New York, on finding that they had landed in Ireland instead; equally great was the satisfaction of Panizzi and his friends in welcoming the party to London, and in finding the scholars and men of culture, amongst others, such as Poerio undoubtedly was, and in a lesser sphere Settembrini, receiving their full recognition in London society.

A less honoured—it should rather be said a deeply dishonoured—name amongst the Italian refugees of this period was that of the well-born, courageous, scholarly, but infatuated political fanatic and would-be assassin, Felice Orsini. The only adverse testimony to Panizzi's upright character recorded in Mr. Fagan's volume—and that one of dubious authority—is in connection with Orsini. The latter had been in correspondence with Panizzi, and a letter is printed by Mr. Fagan showing Orsini's ability as a writer on military discipline and accoutrements. When the news of Orsini's attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French appeared in the "Times" of 16th January, 1858, Panizzi was questioned at Brooks's whether this Orsini was his friend of the name. He is said to have answered that he doubted it very much, seeing that he himself had an appointment with Orsini on the following day, when they were to call on Lord Palmerston together. The story has, it seems, obtained extensive credence, not to the reputation of Panizzi for veracity.

Our space forbids us to do more than glance at the interesting specimens Mr. Fagan has culled from the correspondence of Panizzi with a large circle of people, including Count Cavour, Mr. Gladstone, Massimo d'Azeglio, and many others. His visits to the Emperor of the French are mentioned, and passages illustrative of the promising qualities of the unfortunate Prince Imperial will be read with melancholy interest.

In 1862 symptoms of decided ill health began to manifest themselves, and extended leave was given to Panizzi. He had now for five years held the post of Principal Librarian, having outlived or overcome all serious rivalry, and being, notwithstanding his strict rules and hasty temper, sincerely valued and respected by his staff, for whose improvement in position and emoluments he had laboured successfully. He now visited Naples again, under a regenerated order of things, having

lived to see the happy result of exertions to which he had largely contributed. King Ferdinand (Bomba of Messina) was dead, and Francis's authority had melted away like snow before the magic name and soul-intoxicating presence of Garibaldi. Panizzi was enabled to visit at leisure the famed Benedictine monastery of La Trinità della Cava, and the still more renowned and delightful Monte Cassino. Shocked by the excessive spirit of reform, which was inflicting grievous wrongs upon helpless monks and nuns, and threatening the dispersion of noble libraries, and the risk of their falling into less care-taking and capable hands, he addressed a letter of expostulation to Mr. Gladstone, which made people think he had changed his political creed.

In the following year Garibaldi visited London. This visit occasioned Panizzi some forebodings, showing that his nerves were not what they had been. On the 15th of April, however, Garibaldi dined with Panizzi, and on the following day a joint expedition was made to Chiswick to visit the tomb of Ugo Foscolo. Here, again, Panizzi was apprehensive of a scene, but though a crowd collected there was no disturbance. Amongst them, a brewer's man of gigantic size, whilst the party were at the tomb, made, according to Mr. Fagan, who was present, the following compact and appropriate speech: "Gentlemen, the man who is buried there has done with the pen what Garibaldi has accomplished with the sword!"

At length, in 1865, came a request from Panizzi to be allowed to retire from his post, an event which followed in the next year. His health had become broken, and his mind was no longer equal to the strain of the position which he held. It is true that the attentions which his many friends continued to pay him become doubly pleasant to hear of. He was rejected for the Athenæum, no doubt—that is to say, several warm friends, among whom was Sir Stafford Northcote, contemplated proposing him, but, finding a strong body of opposition existing in the club, did not venture to put his name down. The Government, however, offered him a knighthood, and the order of K.C.B. Mr. Fagan tells us that Panizzi refused both, and does not continue the narrative.

Panizzi died on the 8th of April, 1879, in his eighty-second year. His services to the public at the Museum are well known and thoroughly recognised. Of those arising from his intimacy with public men, especially diplomatists, the world at large is not so fully cognisant, and Mr. Fagan's agreeable volumes will throw great light on this part of his career. His name will never be forgotten so long as the dome of the Reading Room stands, and his memory will be cherished for many years by those surviving officers of the Museum whom he assisted to rise, and by all those whose position he improved. Gratitude to him will also be felt by the now decreasing number of readers who, remembering the discomforts of the old accommodation, can best appreciate the benefits, we may say the luxuries, of the new.

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BUDDING.



## THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE.

I WAS at Tœplitz, travelling south. It matters not what had brought me to that cheerful town. I was about to leave it, and had arrived at the railway station before I had quite made up my mind which should be my next halting-place. As I looked down the time-table, I observed the word PRAG, conspicuous in black type.

"Prague," said I to myself—"Prague must be worth seeing; an interesting town is Prague. I must not pass it without stopping there a night. Yes, I think I will take a ticket for Prague."

The booking clerk, having nothing else to do just then, threw me down a ticket at once, and held out his hand for payment. I had not asked for it, and I said so.

"You said Prague," he answered.

"I may have muttered it to myself," I replied.

"That is the way with you Englishmen," he said.

"Thank you," I answered, taking up the ticket; "as you are so attentive and polite, I will go to Prague. Prague is a long way from Tœplitz, that is one great recommendation."

After I had taken my place in the train, I began again to think over Prague and its associations. "The Battle of Prague" I remembered very well. I had assisted at it more than once in my schooldays, in the parlour of Birchendale House, where I was admitted sometimes in the evenings on account of my youth and pretty manners. I had seen and heard it fought out there to the bitter end, under the generalship of Miss Twiggs, between an unequal force of ten stout fingers on the one hand (if the expression may be allowed), and two regiments, white and black, on the other, who came up fresh and lively as often and as quickly as they were struck down, and were always ready to begin again when all was over. Miss Twiggs was good enough to explain to me the chief incidents of the fight as it went on. "Roar of artillery (pedal); groans of the dying; shrieks of the wounded (pedal); silence on the battle-field (that was quite the best part of it). Then there was poor John Huss, and Jerome, and—"

Here my meditation was disturbed by the vision of a sallow face with pale blue eyes looking over a pair of spectacles, and peering into the carriage in which I was seated. A quantity of long yellowish hair hung damply on each side of the face, and a large brown pipe dangled from its dry and bloodless lips. The owner of the pipe, spectacles, and face had a book in his hand, dog-eared, dirty, and generally loose in its appearance, like its master, and from his coat pocket the neck of a bottle covered with straw or wicker-work peeped out.

"I have it!" I cried, as the figure passed on to another carriage, seeking perhaps some friend or

fellow-traveller—"The student of Prague!" that's what I was thinking of; the story which excited and amused me so much when I was young. And there he is, or another just like him. No doubt the hero of that grim and ghastly ballad wore spectacles, and smoked, and looked pasty and haggard, like that young philosopher, who, I rejoice to observe, has found a seat elsewhere. Let me try if I can remember the version which I made of the poem in my schooldays."

### THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE.

What mean those sounds of revel, that laughter loud and bold?

It is the wild young student, wasting his father's gold,—  
Singing, jesting, laughing, with drunken ribald glee,  
"Hoch! hoch!" all join in chorus, but none so wild as he.

Now comes the good old servant, and whispers in his ear—  
"Wilt thou not cease, young master? midnight, is drawing near."

"Be still, thou croaking raven!" he cries with reckless laugh;  
"While here the red wine sparkles, here will I sit and quaff."

\* \* \* \*

Stretched on his bed of anguish in yonder chamber dim,  
The father lies who loves him—who toiled and spared for him.

"When will he come?" he murmurs. "Oh, haste! oh, bid him fly!

My son, till I have seen thee, I cannot, cannot die!"

\* \* \* \*

The revellers are departed; and now, with aching head  
And fevered pulse, the student lies, tossing on his bed.  
The candles flicker dimly in shades of ghastly blue;  
Outside the owls are hooting; the distant clock strikes Two,

A rustling at the entry! a heavy deep-drawn breath!  
A shadow at the bedside! a Presence, as of Death!  
The father looks with anguish upon his graceless child;  
The student mocks him in his sleep, with scorn and laughter wild.

With solemn mien the Phantom lifts up its hand to chide;  
The student grasps in terror a napkin by his side,—  
Strikes with it at the shadow, a rash and impious blow!  
It trembles, fades, and turns away with looks of deepest woe.

The rash young student waking, starts up in wild affright;  
Already through his casement creeps the cold morning light.  
His servant enters weeping. What bears he in his hand?  
Alas! it is a letter, black-sealed, with mourning band.

"Thy widowed mother greets thee, O cruel son!" it said;  
"Thy father's grief is ended; this night he lieth dead."



Through all his weary sickness he longed and pined for thee,  
And yearned, and hoped, and lingered, once more thy face to  
see.

"Worn out, at length he slumbered. So calm and still he  
lay,

Almost I thought his spirit had passed in sleep away,  
When suddenly upstarting, with faltering voice he cried—  
'He struck me—struck me, with the cloth!' and with those  
words he died."

The student, pierced with horror, sits down in mute despair,  
And from his head cuts fiercely the long, light, waving hair.  
With glaring eyes a moment, as one possessed, he stands,  
Then grasps the close-shorn temples with both his burning  
hands.

\* \* \* \*

What mean those sounds of wailing, those voices sad and  
drear?

It is the song of mourners, watching beside a bier;  
They are drinking wine together, and chanting hymns and  
prayers:

The student drinks not with them, nor joins his voice with  
theirs.

A great deal of this is, of course, mere fancy, the invention of the poet; but the chief incidents are given as facts in an old German newspaper (the "Eunomia," 1805). I had read the account when I was but a boy, and, having a great passion for the marvellous, it had made a strong impression upon me. At the time I believed it implicitly, and even now remember all about it. The wild young student, so the paper said, was the son of a country pastor in Pomerania. He had been brought up very strictly at home, and, falling among dissolute companions at the University, was led away into a career of extravagance and dissipation. The information which reached his father's ears from time to time of his profligate habits was so distressing as to become the cause of a very serious illness. The mother wrote to her son, urging him to return home immediately; but the young man gave but little credit to her representations, regarding them as a ruse for interrupting his pleasure, and bringing him again under the sterner discipline of his home. He therefore paid no attention to the summons; but, being unable to divest himself entirely of anxiety and self-reproach, abandoned himself even more freely than usual to revelling and excess, in order to drive away his care. Returning to his rooms late at night half intoxicated, he fell asleep without bestowing any further thought upon his mother's anxious letter. He was awakened—so the story goes—by a rustling sound, and felt at the same moment a warm breath upon his cheek. Looking up, he beheld a shadowy, transparent form leaning over him, and gazing upon him with mournful but tender looks. Terror seized upon him, and, in the agony of his alarm, being still only half conscious, he snatched up a handkerchief which lay upon the bed, and struck with it at the phantom. It vanished instantly, and soon afterwards the clock struck "two."

In great distress, and thoroughly sobered, the

student now arose, and set out at once for his home. Before he had accomplished half his journey a messenger met him, bearing a letter to the following effect. With every hour the longing of the sick man for his son's arrival had become more urgent and intense. As midnight approached he asked from minute to minute, "Is he come?" At every sound the inquiry was repeated, "Is he there?" and as often as the answer "No" was returned his lamentation was renewed. After one o'clock he became still, and seemed to have fallen asleep. His wife and daughters listened by his bedside to his breathing, which became at last inaudible. Already they thought that he was dead. But, after a short interval, he suddenly sprang up in his bed, and, looking wildly round upon them, cried with a tremulous voice, "All is over; this moment my unhappy son has struck me with his handkerchief." Consciousness and speech left him with those words, and soon afterwards he died.

So ends the story, according to the "Eunomia." What became of the young spendthrift we are not told. The last words of the ballad suggest something dreadful.

"Poor fellow!" I said, half aloud. "I suppose he dashed his brains out!"

"Who dashed his brains out?" said a gentleman who was seated near me, having entered the carriage almost unobserved, while I was occupied with my translation of the ballad. He was a good-looking young fellow—a German, of nineteen or twenty, with large dreamy eyes, and was flushed with hurry, or perhaps excitement. "Who dashed his brains out?" he asked a second time.

"The student, of course," I answered, coming out of my reverie.

"Why 'of course'?" Do students generally do that? What student?"

"Let me consider," I said. "Three questions: first, why 'of course'?" Because it was the most foolish and wicked thing that he could do, and he was a most foolish person, to say nothing worse of him. Second, 'Do students usually dash their brains out?' No; it would not always be possible—for obvious reasons. Third, 'What student?' Der wilde student von Prag."

"Oh, I see! you are thinking of Zimmerman's romantic ballad. Do you believe it?"

"I used to believe it when I was younger; I am not quite so credulous now."

"Why should it not be true?"

"I cannot undertake to prove a negative. There are also so many well-attested instances of strange and apparently supernatural events that I do not feel disposed to set up an absolute denial in the face of what is asserted to be true, ignorant as I am of all the circumstances of the case."

A great deal of conversation followed, which need not be repeated here. My fellow-traveller had a firm belief in clairvoyance, and as I yielded only a partial assent to the opinions which he advanced on that subject, he volunteered to give me some experiences of his own. He spoke with so much earnestness, and such evident self-conviction, that I could not help listening to him with the liveliest interest, and the incidents he related,

whether they were due to his own sensitive imagination only or to a less intelligible cause, were undoubtedly very curious.

"It is not of dreams or apparitions that I am going to speak," he said, "but of strange communications between mind and mind—communications unsought and unexpected—coming some-

age. I had a sister, twin-born with myself. There was a great personal resemblance between us, and we had the warmest affection for each other. Until I went to school we had never been parted; we lived for one another, and seemed to understand and even to anticipate each other's wishes in everything.



PRAGUE.

times without any apparent or adequate reason, about trifles, as if the process were a natural one, but more frequently on subjects of importance. I know that such things are. I have been myself the subject of such revelations—such perceptions. It is in consequence of such that I am now on my way to Prague. Here is a case in point. I will tell you all about it, and you may judge by the event, which a few hours will disclose, what truth or reality there is in my convictions. But I will begin at the beginning, and tell you first what happened to me a long while ago.

"I was then a schoolboy, about twelve years of

"One morning, after I had been at school about a year, our master called me into his private study and told me, as kindly and gently as he could, that my dear sister had met with a very serious accident. Her pony had taken fright, and, running away, had thrown her from the saddle. After she had fallen to the ground she had been dragged some distance by her riding-habit. She was, they found, in a very precarious state. I wanted to go home at once, but that was not permitted. No words can describe the misery I suffered. I could think of nothing but my poor sister; and although no particulars had been given me of the injuries

she had received, the picture in my mind was not only vivid, but distinct and circumstantial. I fancied her, not in her usual chamber, but in a room on the ground floor of the house, which had formerly been our play-room. I thought of her with her head and face bandaged, her limbs extended and motionless, her cheek flushed with fever, her lips swollen and parched, and her eyes partly open, but without expression. I never doubted that this was her real condition, though it did not occur to me to inquire how or from whom I had received such an impression of it. You will be surprised to hear that in all these particulars my imagination, or whatever you may choose to call it, was strictly correct. She had not been carried upstairs, but was nursed in our play-room. Her leg was broken, her face lacerated, and she had received a blow from the horse's hoof which rendered her unconscious.

"Notwithstanding, or perhaps in consequence of my great sorrow, I slept soundly at night; but the next day brought me no alleviation. Although I had received no further news from home, I was strongly impressed with the great suffering and danger of my dear sister, and my sorrow knew no bounds. I passed the day in a state of restless misery; but when night arrived I went early to bed, and slept well, as before. The following morning I awoke just as the day was dawning, and the weight of my sorrow, as I lay in the silence and solitude of my chamber—for, though there were other boys in the room, they were all fast asleep—seemed almost unbearable. I felt persuaded that my dear sister was sinking and would die. As I lay awake in this unhappy condition, suddenly, or nearly so, a change came over me. My heart grew lighter; a feeling akin to joy took possession of me. At the same time a soft pure light seemed to dawn gradually in and around me. I sat up in the bed wondering, and pressed my hands upon my eyes. The light continued there. I saw it with equal clearness whether my eyes were closed or open. Then I seemed to hear a distant strain of soft, sweet music. The sound was not in my ears as the light was not in my eyes; it seemed to breathe upon me and into me, if I may so describe it, filling me with peace and comfort. I repeat those words to you now—peace and comfort—and they are but words; they do not express what I then felt, any more than the name of an angel describes what an angel is. I retain still a vivid impression of the ineffable quietness with which I was then imbued and filled, but it is only as a dream. I remember it, but can no longer understand it."

"Very like a dream all through," I said to myself, thinking it probable that he had fallen asleep again after his first awaking; but I would not interrupt him.

"After a few moments—it could not have been more, though I took no note of time—these sensations ceased; the sound died away, and the light faded gently from my mind. When I again opened my eyes the day was not perceptibly advanced. I sat still for a long while and heard the birds twittering, and was quite conscious of everything that was around me. I listened to the piping of

the different birds first one or two, and then a great number of all kinds, chirping and singing together, as if in chorus. I saw the various objects in the room grow more distinct as the morning light grew stronger. I watched my schoolfellows sleeping peacefully, and took notice of everything; but I did not move. I was supremely happy—so happy that I wished for no change, and could have been content to sit there on my little bed for ever. Presently the other boys awoke, and began to talk to me, full of pity, bidding me lie down and be of good cheer, promising me good news of my sister, and encouraging me with kind and sympathising words, such as I had never heard from them before. But I said nothing. I only wished they would be silent, for I could not tell them that the burden of my grief had been already taken away, nor how it had happened.

"There was no letter for me that day; but the next morning I was called again into the private study, and I saw upon the table an envelope with a broad black border. I knew very well what the letter contained; but, strange to say, it was not the tidings of my sister's death which grieved me—it was the sight of that black envelope, and the dismal look of my kind old master as he broke the news to me (broke it tenderly, as if it were really news), which gave me pain. I am sure he was astonished at my calmness, for he knew how bitterly I had mourned and wept only a short time before; he said a great deal to me about not giving way to sorrow, and was pleased to see how well I bore my trouble; but I heeded him not; his words seemed to have no force or meaning for my heart. At length he began to speak of David and his infant son, and repeated those memorable words of his, 'While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' At those words I burst into tears, but tears of happiness—tears of peace and comfort! I don't think my dear old master ever understood that sentence of the 'man after God's own heart' as I did.

"I did not go home to attend my sister's funeral. I might have done so; but my parents wrote in such a dismal strain of her sad, untimely death, 'cut off in the flower of her youth,' that I could not bear the thought of looking upon her gloomy coffin and following it to the grave; her poor remains were of comparatively little interest to me; and I continued at school and did my work as usual, contented and even cheerful. I hated to put on black clothes on Sundays, and to wear crape, and generally managed to procure a white rosebud or some other cheerful flower for my buttonhole. True, I missed my sister terribly in the holidays; and for years afterwards a pang of grief would pierce through me for a moment as I thought of her; but it never lasted long; and those words always came back to my mind with wonderful comfort, 'Wherefore should I fast?'

"You will say perhaps that this was nothing but imagination. I do not think so. But I will go on to my second experience.



"I was then fourteen. I had left my first school, and was well placed in a gymnasium for older boys. I had been there only about three months when there was a report that one of the younger pupils had lost a book; it was a present which he had received at Christmas, and it had been taken from his locker, which had been opened, apparently, with a key which did not belong to it, for one of the wards was broken. The book in question had been lent to several of the boys, and was a great favourite. No tidings could be heard of it, and the rumour reached, at length, the ears of our principal.

"One morning, before lessons began, he spoke about it; it was not so much the loss of the book which troubled him, he said, as the fact, which appeared too well proved, that the locker had been broken open. He called upon every boy, for the honour of the school, to acknowledge privately to himself if he had had any part in the transaction; and as no one responded to this appeal, he put us to the usual ordeal, which was for each boy to stand forth singly, in turn, to place his hand upon his heart, and to declare his own innocence.

"This ceremony was only practised on very serious occasions, and I was told that no boy had ever been known under such an ordeal to profess his innocence of any offence in which he had either directly or indirectly been concerned.

"On this occasion the boys stood forward readily, one after another, beginning with the lowest forms, made the usual gesture, and uttered the required formula. When my turn came, as I was passing round the room, my eye happened to meet that of a boy much older than myself, and with whom I had then but little acquaintance. I felt at that moment as if he had told me what was passing in his mind. I was conscious of a mingled sensation of fear and shame, yet not my own, but his; my thoughts were carried at the same time to a distant part of the playground, where was a rude building, used as a lounge or reading-room by the elder boys.

"I had once or twice peeped into that building, but had never been inside, for I was not yet among the privileged. Yet I seemed to know all about it; and there, in a secret place, I saw the book which had been stolen. I saw it, you will understand, as we see things in our memory; and it was *his* memory, *his* mind, that showed it me, and not my own. I knew what was in his thoughts and in his conscience; and I had no more doubt of the reality and truth of my perceptions than if his thoughts had been my own.

"I have said that his eyes met mine; for a moment I stopped, and I then observed a startled expression upon his face, which was already very pale. He looked after me as I passed on; and as I knew that we were not called upon to accuse others, but only to exonerate ourselves, I did not speak, but waited with great anxiety to hear what this young fellow would say, being fully persuaded, however, that he did not intend to speak the truth.

"At length his turn came. He kept his eyes upon the ground and stepped forward. As he

passed near me he looked up inquiringly, as if to scan my countenance, and to find out, if possible, how much I knew of his affairs. He stood before the master, raised his hand, let it fall, then lifted it again, dropped it once more, and, turning away suddenly, without having spoken a word, left the room. The master followed him, and, after a short period of suspense, returned, and told us that the book was found. There were extenuating circumstances, he said. He believed that no such thing as theft had been intended. Everything should be duly investigated and justice done.

"For a week we saw nothing of the unhappy youth. He then returned to the playground, and presently sought me out.

"How did you know that I had taken the book?" he asked.

"I said I could not tell him.

"But you did know it?" he asked.

"I did know it, and I knew also where it was concealed. Was it not in the reading-room?"

"Yes," he said. "I never intended to keep it," he continued; "I wanted to read it one evening when the other boys were gone to bed, and I opened the locker with my own key, which seemed to fit it; but when I was going to replace the book I could not turn the lock, and therefore concealed it, waiting for another opportunity; then there was an outcry, as you know, about the *theft*, and I turned coward. I believe I should have denied all knowledge of the matter that day at the ordeal if you had not looked at me as you did. I thought you knew something about it, and that I should certainly be detected; that made me hesitate, and when the moment came I could not speak. If it had not been for you I should perhaps have told a lie, and should have been disgraced for ever."

"I held out my hand to him, and he shook it warmly. The matter had been already explained to the school, but no one else suspected that I had had anything to do with it. He is now married, and living at Berlin, where he is much respected. Do you believe it?"

It was impossible not to believe. He told his story with so much simplicity and earnestness that my mind was carried along with his, and if the circumstances had been ten times as marvellous I could not have doubted his sincerity. And yet, after all, it may have been only an example of the power of conscience on the one side, and an accidental coincidence and a guess on the other.

"Do you believe it?" he repeated.

"Yes," I said; "certainly I do. I believe all that you tell me."

"Then I will tell you one thing more," he answered, his face flushing, and his large eyes gleaming eloquently. "It is a matter of actual and immediate interest to me, and I do not yet know how it will end. I could not have spoken about it to a stranger, but you understand me so well. I see that you do; I feel it; I can read your thoughts as if they were my own, and I am drawn to confide in you."

I could not help wincing a little as he said this. To tell the truth, I was beginning to doubt whether my imaginative friend was altogether in



his right mind. It was plain, however, that he had not read my thoughts so far, whatever he might think about it. So I held my peace and listened.

"After I left school," he went on, speaking rapidly and with excitement, "I went to Prague, to the University. There I met with a lady—oh, yes! the fairest, sweetest—in a word, I lost my heart to her. And she—she would have married me, but her friends objected. I was too young; too poor, perhaps! They could not have known the depth of my passion, or they would not have been so cruel. Another engagement was proposed for her, and she was obliged—against her own will, I am sure—to yield to their wishes. I shall not trouble you with my feelings. I left Prague some weeks ago, and did not mean to return there. The marriage was to have been celebrated yesterday. I have heard nothing, and ought, perhaps, to conclude that it took place as appointed. But I have a strong impression in my mind that such is not the fact; the idea has taken possession of me that after all she will not marry that—that other man—but myself. In a word, I felt, I feel, that my Elsie still loves me, and is waiting for me. I looked with intense anxiety for the post this morning, expecting a letter to confirm my thoughts. But none came. Suspense was intolerable. You think, perhaps, that there was no room for suspense—that I ought to have resigned myself to the

conviction that all was over. On the contrary, I feel every moment more and more persuaded that my thoughts are right. At the last moment I resolved to go to Prague and learn my fate. We are now approaching the station, and though she cannot know that I am coming, I shall not be surprised if I find her there to meet me. If I should be deceived it will perhaps kill me. But I shall not be deceived. Where do you stay at Prague? I will come to-morrow and tell you of my happiness."

I begged him to recommend me an hotel, and he did so, and appointed an hour to call on me. As soon as the train stopped he sprang from the carriage and ran along the platform, and I lost sight of him.

Poor fellow! He did not call on me as he had intended, and I never saw him again. But in the newspaper I read an account of a marriage which had recently taken place, and which I could not doubt was that of his dear Elsie. His clairvoyant powers had failed him in this instance, or, rather, they had proved to be nothing more than a freak of the imagination, in which the wish was father to the thought. It must have been a terrible blow to him that evening when he heard the truth. No doubt, like Coleridge's ancient mariner,

"A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn."

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

### HOW TO DESTROY ANTS.

THE history of ants is certainly marvellous, and the study of their habits and customs entrancing, and though without doubt we derive from their ceaseless activity and abundant labours more of benefit than of injury, it cannot be denied that their presence is sometimes most annoying, and the result of their enterprising spirit inconvenient. The question has been asked how most surely to destroy them. I do not think this to be altogether possible, even if desirable. Their numbers, however, may be considerably lessened, and their power of annoyance reduced to a minimum, by adopting the following course.

1st. With reference to our house-ant, *Myrmica domestica*. Endeavour to discover the situation of its *formicarium*, which is, I believe, usually under one of the stones of the flooring near the kitchen fireplace, by tracking the homeward-bound ants, who move in well-recognised highways, and are as often as not laden with provisions for the use of the home circle, until they are lost to view in the entrances of their burrows. Then remove the stone, and, if any reader has the heart to do it, which I hope may not be the case, pour boiling

water upon the colony, which will thus effectually be overwhelmed. This, however, will not often be practicable, but a gradual diminution of their numbers may be effected by pouring boiling water down their burrows when discovered, or by attracting the little people with enticing baits of sponge-cake, brown sugar, dripping, or anything that may be found to tempt their appetite, and then plunge the food, which will be covered before very long with the depredators, into a vessel of boiling water. Death will be instantaneous. Another method of destroying ants, which though not so rapid is quite as sure and perfectly painless, is the following. Obtain a good-sized, wide-mouthed bottle and a large number of young laurel-leaves with the tender shoots, and chop them up and bruise them almost to a pulp, and fill the bottle one-third full of these bruised leaves and fasten the bottle down, so that it may be air-tight. The vapour of prussic-acid in the leaves will be set at liberty, and permeate the atmosphere in the bottle. Drop the ants with their food into the bottle, and they will soon cease to live. If you can tempt the wingless females and bottle them, so much the better, since these become mothers of thousands. Periodically their highways might

be gently swept by a moistened brush, which brush with the clinging ants might then be dipped into a basin of boiling water. I may add that the laurel bottle should be kept *ready to hand*, so that the ants might be picked up by the moistened finger whenever noticed, and dropped into the fatal receptacle. I might further mention that to collect ants in order to prepare them for the cabinet, this method should be adopted. Test tubes of different sizes should be used for the different species and colonies, and a piece of blotting-paper placed over the chopped leaves to absorb superfluous moisture, and save the trouble of searching for the ants among the leaves.

Secondly, ants' nests in pasture lands sometimes give considerable trouble to the mower, even to the injury of his scythe, and are therefore looked upon with no friendly eye. A correspondent writes: "They infest the pasture lands of Leicestershire, where the subsoil is a strong clay, and raise large numbers of hillocks which are as unsightly as they are inconvenient." The little yellow ant, *Formica flava*, is the species which raises mounds over the surface of the fields, and sometimes in very large numbers and of considerable size. It is so in Gloucestershire as well as Leicestershire, and in other counties also; for it is an ant that is generally distributed. The method of destruction suggested above would not in this case be of much avail. The course usually adopted is the following. In the winter months peel off the turf from the surface of the nest, then place the turf soil uppermost by the side of the nest, dig out the earth which constitutes the mound, and also that a few inches below the level of its base, and scatter it over the field; the ants with their larvæ, the autumn brood, will be thus exposed, and most of them will be greedily devoured by the birds, since food is scarce, and the mould will serve as manure, to the permanent advantage of the grass. The ants hibernate some inches below the surface, so that it may be that the turf will be found to be untenanted, and if no ants are noticed in the cavity formed by the removal of the earth, the turf can be at once adjusted in the cavity. Should, however, the ants be observed drowsily creeping over the soil, wait till they disappear before adjusting the turf. The process can be repeated wherever and whenever occasion demands it. The "unsightly" and "inconvenient" hillocks will then be removed; the ants will be no longer looked upon as agricultural obstructionists; the field will be manured as well as levelled; the farm labourers will find employment; the birds will rejoice over a winter repast, and a sufficient number of the little people will doubtless survive to again aid the cultivators of the soil in their farming operations, and fulfil the law of their wondrous existence.

W. FARREN WHITE.

Stonehouse Vicarage.

#### FISH-POISONING AT RAROTONGA.

One day a number of drummers perambulated the village with an announcement, in the name of the chief,—"To-morrow everybody is expected

to collect and grate fish-poison; on the day following a grand fishing expedition will come off at Nikao," a favourite fishing-ground about two miles from the village.

At that place about sixty acres of reef are enclosed with great blocks of coral, so as to shut in the fish at low tide. Nikao is much frequented by fine grey mullet. To make sure of being there in good time, many families from the more distant villages went overnight, sleeping on the white sand, sheltered by iron-wood trees growing to the water's edge. Each person had a small basket of fish-poison, consisting of the grated nut of the *Barringtonia speciosa*. At dawn the representative of Makea entered the water, lustily calling to the people to follow and scatter the poison. Each man was armed with a three-pronged fish-spear, or with a rough sword, extemporised out of a stout piece of hoop-iron. The smaller fish soon die and float on the surface, and are gathered into baskets by women and children; but the larger fish, such as mullet, becoming only partially stupefied, and consequently somewhat slow in their movements, are easily struck or caught in nets.

It was about 9 a.m. when I made my appearance amongst them. It was a pretty sight—many hundreds of natives chasing and spearing mullet and other fine fish. Twenty-five large fish were presented to me. All along the margin of the sea, squatting in the shade of slender, graceful iron-wood trees, were various little groups, busy cooking and eating part of the spoil. The occasion of this hurried breakfast was the harmless superstition that it is unlucky for any one to eat or smoke before the poison has taken effect. As soon, therefore, as a good number of fish are captured, they hasten ashore to broil some, and when the pressing claims of hunger are satisfied they go back to their sport.

At 11 a.m. the tide came rolling in over the outer edge of the reef, and the fun was over. A picturesque cavalcade of men, women, and children wended their way homeward, through a narrow road over-arched with mimosas, screw-pines, palms, and the never-failing lemon hibiscus. Each person carried a basket of fish. The satisfied expression of face, and the merry ringing laugh, were sufficient to prove that they were unusually pleased. Often great variety of grotesque costume and equipment met the eye.

Some two thousand grey mullet, besides other fish, were caught that day. When I reached home I weighed a mullet that fell to my share. It proved to be four pounds. It is said that larger specimens are occasionally caught.

Another fish obtained in large quantities is the *nanue*. It is capital eating. A yellow variety of *nanue* is sometimes met with. The natives assert that if one of them enters a seine the rest, *i.e.*, the ordinary sort, are sure to follow. Hence the playful name given by the natives to that fish, "The king of the *nanue*." If two yellow *nanue* are obtained, the custom is to put back one into the sea. One of these "kings" was given to me that day.

Whilst the juice of the nut of the *Barringtonia speciosa* is deadly to human beings, it does not in

the least degree render the fish unwholesome. On this island, since the introduction of Christianity, three persons have been poisoned by purposely mixing some of the grated nut with a cooked preparation of cocoa-nut. On Mangaia it was usual to disguise this poison in a bowl of intoxicating "kava" (*Piper mythicum*).

A small plant, called "mata-ora," with white flowers, growing on the hillsides, is also used as a fish-poison, but on a much smaller scale. Leaves, stem, roots, flowers, and seeds, being all poisonous, are pounded and put into the sea. But the most deadly vegetable poison known in the Hervey group is the "riva," a stately tree bearing cream-white flowers, much like those of the *Gardenia*. Every part of this tree yields a most virulent poison, never used for killing fish, as the fish would become poisonous. This was the dreaded instrument of death used by sorcerers in the olden time.

Fish-poisoning expeditions take place some three or four times in the course of the year, but, of course, at different parts of the island. It is, however, no uncommon thing to see the whole crowd return without a fish, the wind having become adverse. This method of fishing is practised throughout the Pacific.

*Rarolonga.*

W. WYATT GILL.

#### JUNO THE POINTER.

At one time my grandfather possessed a magnificent pointer dog called Juno, a keen hunter and a splendid watch. She had been carefully trained when a pup, and hence grew up a really noble and useful animal. She could be trusted either in dining or in drawing-room without breaking vases, knocking down jars, etc., which other dogs seem to take a pleasure in doing. If the family went out to any party Juno was sure to be there, and her presence never seemed intrusive. She would lie quietly on the rug outside the door, sound asleep, until the family were going away, when she would make herself generally useful by carrying any little articles home.

On one occasion a pair of slippers were left behind. All were in consternation. The friend's house was a long way back. Who was to go for them? Juno seemed thoroughly to understand how affairs stood, and away she scampered back to the house, got the slippers in her mouth, and brought them safely home.

Juno had conceived a great liking for my uncle, and on all possible occasions was to be found near him. But a parting took place. The shooting season was over, and Juno was sent to the kennel, while my uncle went to reside at Glasgow. She whined incessantly, took little food, and, on the first day when she was out with the gamekeepers, slipped from the leash, and was seen flying "over the hills and far away." Nothing detained her, and she soon reached my uncle's door, having run nine miles through mud and rain. When the brave dog reached the gate it was locked, and the wall being too high for her to leap, she scraped a

hole under the door and got in. She then barked at the front door till it was opened, and when it was so, sprang right upstairs to my uncle's room, and leaped into bed beside him. Shortly after Juno was taken back to her proper home, and chained up.

A parcel of my uncle's clothes came home to be sorted and arranged, but when the time came to send them away, not one was to be found, and Juno was likewise missing. At last she was discovered sitting with all the clothes under her, hugging them fast with her two paws, and evidently in a state of supreme happiness and delight. The clothes were taken, neatly arranged, and replaced in the box. In the evening, while all were at tea, a strange whine was heard outside the door. On going out, there was Juno, with all the clothes beside her. A little while after, Juno had two beautiful pups, and great expectations were entertained as to their success in the field, when one night both Juno and her pups were stolen, and I believe removed from the country. They were searched for far and wide, but nothing more was heard of Juno the beautiful pointer.

A. W. R.

#### To Love.

FROM ANACREON.

ΜΕΓΟΡΟΥΚΤΙΑΙΣ ΠΟΘ' ὦραις.

It was the middle hour of night,  
Boötes shone with feeble light;  
And, wearied with their toil by day,  
Mankind in sleep unconscious lay.

Then Love, unknown to me before,  
Tapped gently at my cottage door  
"Who knocks thus late?" I sharply said,  
"And thus disturbs me from my bed?"

"I am a child; fear not," he cried,  
"This night I've wandered far and wide.  
"No silvery moon directs my way;  
"Admit me as thy guest, I pray."

I felt my heart with pity glow,  
To hear the homeless wanderer's woe;  
The door unlatched, I saw a child,  
Whose dripping hair was hanging wild;  
O'er his fair back a bow was slung,  
While from his arm a quiver hung.  
Soon as his snow-white wings I spied,  
I led him to the warm hearth's side;  
I rubbed his limbs, benumbed and red;  
I wiped the moisture from his head.

But, when recovered from the cold,  
And hoary frost resigned his hold,  
"Come, let us try this bow," he said,  
"Let with the wet its power has fled."

He pulled the string—he pierced my heart—  
Deep as the gadfly's sudden dart.  
Then, while his eyes beamed bright with joy,  
"Congratulate me!" cried the boy;  
"The bow, my friend, indeed is sound,  
"But long thy heart shall feel the wound,"

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.

## THE ELDER D'ISRAELI.



HE was himself a complete literary character : a man who really passed his life in his library. . . . He disliked business, and he never required relaxation ; he was absorbed in his pursuits. In London his only amusement was to ramble among the booksellers ; if he entered a club it was only to go into the library. In the country he scarcely ever left his room but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence. He had not a single passion or prejudice ; all his convictions were the result of his own studies, and were often opposed to the impressions which he had early imbibed. He not only never entered into the politics of the day, but could never understand them. . . . As the world has always been fond of personal details respecting men who have been celebrated, I will mention that he had a Bourbon nose and brown eyes of extraordinary

beauty and lustre. He wore a small velvet cap, but his white hair latterly touched his shoulders in curls almost as flowing as in his boyhood. His extremities were delicate and well formed, and his leg at his last hour as shapely as in his youth, which showed the vigour of his frame. . . . Latterly he had become corpulent. He did not excel in conversation, though in his domestic circle he was garrulous as a child. Everything interested him ; and blind and eighty-two, he was still as susceptible as a child. He had by nature a singular volatility which never deserted him. His feelings, though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow the philosophic vein was ever present. . . . He had no vanity ; indeed, one of his few infirmities was rather a deficiency of self-esteem. — "*Life and Writings of Isaac D'Israeli*," edited by his Son, Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli.

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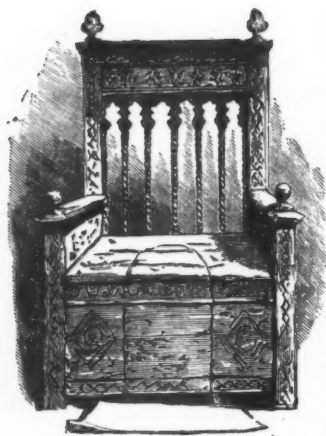
## THE YOUNGER DISRAELI.



DISRAELI had arrived before me and sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stock with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, a conspicuous object. . . . Disraeli was one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. . . . His mouth is alive with a sort of working and impatient nervousness, and when

he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls on his left cheek, almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with smooth carefulness.—*An Evening at the Countess of Blessington's, "Pencilings by the Way."* N. P. Willis.

## A ROMAN DEBATE.



ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

FEW events occurred at the time of the great revolution—for such it was—that overthrew the temporal power of the Papacy, more strikingly illustrative of the crisis, than the discussion that took place in Rome on the vexed question of St. Peter's residence and pontificate in that city. Indeed, it is only as illus-

trative of the times that the event has any claim to be recalled from the oblivion into which it has well-nigh fallen. Its intrinsic importance was *nil*. It did not inaugurate, as some perhaps hoped at the moment, a new policy of defence on the part of Popery. The fact has remained exceptional and isolated. Nor was any step made towards the settlement of the question in debate. That, indeed, was in the nature of things all but impossible. It is difficult to conceive of anything, save the discovery of some lost document of antiquity containing new evidence on the subject, that could add fresh weight to either side of an historic argument concerning which every tittle of available testimony has already been sifted and tested, and turned inside out times without number. Even Dryasdust himself must give up such a theme in despair.

Yet the adventitious interest of the discussion was surely great. Its very exceptionality invests it with the wonder we give to all unique facts. A public discussion in Rome as to whether Peter ever set his foot there, under licence of his assumed successor, and with the old Barnabite monk, the echoes of whose voice had hardly died away from the barricades, as protagonist on the negative side, was surely, whatever other epithet we may apply to it, a surprising event. As a revelation, too, of unwonted uncertainty and confusion in the councils of the Papacy, it will hardly be abusing the phrase to claim for the discussion a certain degree of historic interest. The more its exceptionality is realised, not only in relation to the immemorial antecedent policy of Rome, but also and especially in relation to the policy that has been steadily followed since, the more the conviction forces itself that the discussion was an aberration, a

blunder, perpetrated at a moment when, in the bewilderment of the times, the astute heads that had so long determined the decisions of the Papacy were turned another way—a blunder tacitly confessed as such in the very fact of its non-repetition.

The immediate occasion of the discussion was the announcement in one of the journals of the city by Signor Francesco Sciarelli, one of the newly-arrived evangelists, of a discourse which he proposed delivering "in the Preaching Hall in Via de' Barbieri, for the purpose of showing, by arguments drawn from the Scriptures and from the Fathers, that St. Peter had never been in Rome." Reply was challenged at the close of the discourse. As many like announcements had been made during the year and a half that had elapsed since the breach of Porta Pia, and with far more *éclat* than this modest insertion in the "city chronicle" of *la Capitale*, there must have been some special reasons which determined the clerical champions to take up this particular glove thrown down by Signor Sciarelli. Two of these reasons, at all events, are not far to seek. First, it is plain—as was vaunted at the time, and has never been denied since—that the "highest authorisation" had been obtained to a public confutation, on the first fitting occasion, of these audacious heretics, who had broken into the sacred enclosure of the holy city with their new doctrines. And next, it is equally plain that the thesis put forth by Signor Sciarelli was supposed to present the fitting occasion, which was all that was now left to seek. Never could the enemy be so caught upon the hip. The thesis itself was incautiously worded; it undertook to prove that logical *caveat*, a universal negative. Then the subject was historical and strictly defined, thus securing the discussion from digressions to the more dangerous and inflammable ground of dogma. Nor need it be added that on such a subject, to minds steeped from childhood in ecclesiastical tradition, the victory seemed easy and secure.

A word or two more, throwing further light on that "supreme authorisation" under whose ægis the discussion was accepted, may not be out of place. It is pretty clear that the concession came directly from Pius IX himself, and that his Jesuit advisers, who since the reaction of 1850 had kept him in such tight leading-strings, had nothing to do with the matter. It is not unlikely that they were taken as much by surprise as the general public. All the circumstances of the discussion confirm this hypothesis of the direct uncounselled intervention of the Pope. The active leaders in it on the clerical side were notoriously adverse to the Jesuits and their policy. There has long existed in the city of Rome a number of learned

and influential priests bitterly hostile to the ascendancy of the vast and terrible order. The famous Father Graziosi, confessor of Pius IX in the early years of his pontificate, and as influential with the Pope himself as he was idolised by the Roman populace—the Father Rinaldi of that vivid picture of Rome in revolution, “*Mademoiselle Mori*”—belonged to this class. These were the priests who, when the Jesuits were expelled in 1848, took possession in their place of the vast establishment of the *Propaganda Fide*, the cosmopolitan mission-college and publishing-house of Roman Catholicism, and could never afterwards be ousted. To the same class of priests belonged the principal movers in the discussion. The Canon Fabiani, for instance, the protagonist of the Catholics in the disputation, had been in his youth a friend and coadjutor of Graziosi; and it is altogether due to his anti-Jesuit sympathies if, with his vast erudition, his European fame, and his popular preaching power, he remains still a simple canon of a church that has in its gift so many and such splendid prizes. The prominent part, too, taken in the discussion by the so-called Society for the Protection of Catholic Interests, is almost equally significant. This society, with its somewhat naïve substitution of “interests” for “faith,” a slip in striking contrast with the professed scope and very name of the astute order of Loyola, originated after the fall of the temporal power in 1870, and bears in its organisation and methods of working the impress of the age. From the very first it took the discussion under its patronage, furnished the presidents, formed the committee of management, found the hall, provided the funds, and worked hard at all the details of arrangement. Possibly the new society, in the exuberance of its youthful zeal and self-confidence, had some idea of showing the great and venerable order on whose province its very existence was something of a trespass, *how to do it*.

We may pass rapidly over the details of preparation. One thing soon became evident, that the Catholics were determined to give to the event all the solemnity and publicity compatible with a due regard to decorum. Within twenty-four hours of the taking up of the challenge they had designated as the presidents on their side a Roman prince and the nephew of a cardinal. A committee of management was formed, sparkling with the stars and ribands of Pontifical orders. The noble hall of a distinguished clerical academy was obtained for the gathering. That admission should be by ticket, that unlimited time should be allowed the speakers, that shorthand reporters should assist, that the reports should be subsequently published, were all arrangements proposed from the Catholic side. Obviously expectation was high; nay, there was more than expectation that the heretics would be put to confusion, and it was desired that their overthrow should be conspicuous and admonitory. Under the shadow of St. Peter's see, in the presence of the relics and monuments still associated with his person, in the city whose *raison d'être* as the metropolis of Catholicism lay in the fact that formed the theme of the discussion, within reach of the libraries,

where for more than sixteen centuries the tradition had been accumulating its testimonies, how could any true Catholic admit in such a cause the ghost of a fear?

It had been agreed that the discussion should be ruled by four presidents, or, as we should say, chairmen, two for each party. The presidents on the Catholic side were Prince Chigi of Campagnano, and the Advocate De Dominicis Tosti. Don Mario Chigi Albani, head of the great house that traces its descent to the famous banker, Agostino Chigi, friend and patron of Raphael, and that rose to the Pontifical see in the person of Alexander VII, is perhaps the most popular of the Roman princes that have not renounced their allegiance to the Vatican. Since the discussion his position has become almost unique. Whilst holding the high dignity of Marshal of the Sacred Conclave, he is at the present time member of the Municipal Council of Rome, where he sits side by side with quondam conspirators and revolutionary invaders from the other provinces, and deliberates over measures that are instinct with the spirit of the new régime. Prince Chigi showed himself throughout the whole event a liberal-minded and courteous gentleman. The other Catholic president, Gianbattista De Dominicis Tosti, nephew to the cardinal of the same name, holds the high office of Consistorial Advocate, a position requiring his presence at the consistories of the Roman Catholic Church, and giving him the legal oversight and endorsement of the proceedings of those august assemblies. Bland, urbane; and complimentary, the advocate has the manners and address which all who are familiar with Roman society recognise so well as belonging to the Papal lay courtier, a class of men only to be found under a Government where the tonsure was the condition of all real power, and the ablest layman could only aspire to glitter in some grand ceremonial, or become the useful friend of the purple-clad princes of the Church State.

The two presidents on the Protestant side were Dr. Hermann Philip, the well-known Jewish missionary, and the writer of the present article.

Three orators were fixed upon for each party. To the chief of the Catholic champions, the Canon Enrico Fabiani, allusion has already been made. It was his presence in the lists that gave his party their assurance of victory. One of the best ecclesiastical archæologists in Europe, and withal a popular Lent preacher, it was supposed that nothing could stand before the mace of his learning and the lance of his eloquence. His two companions were Don Giuseppe Cipolla, one of the best-known of the city parish priests, an active member of the learned academies in which the ecclesiastics of Rome love to air their Latin and their scholasticism, and as noted for his *bonhomie* as for his learning, and Augusto Guidi, Professor in the Pontifical College of S. Apollinare, a young man of amiable manners, whose musical tones gave a peculiar sweetness to the rich vocables of his Roman speech. All three were priests of great culture and liberal mind, bearing out what has been said of the exceptional influences that gave rise to the discussion. To

this character of the Romish champions may be attributed also in great measure the good temper and mutual respect that were maintained throughout the encounter.

Of the orators on the Protestant side little need be said here. The name of Alessandro Gavazzi is known the world over, and will live in the history of the period. It was more than strange to hear the old Barnabite's voice of thunder resounding in free discussion under licence, one may say, of the same Pope his eloquence had so largely helped to drive into exile only a few years ago, and who, on returning, would have shown him no more mercy than he did to that yet greater orator-monk of the barricades, the noble Bassi. Alessandro Gavazzi, in 1872, freely denouncing in Rome, as a fable and a myth, the historical hypothesis on which the Papal supremacy is based; and Ugo Bassi, in 1849, handed over by Monsignor Bedini to the "secular arm" of Austria, to be shot in the ditch by the ramparts of Bologna, furnish one of those vivid contrasts only to be met with when history concentrates her passions and changes in what we call her revolutionary epochs. Gavazzi's companions in the discussion, Giovanni Ribetti and Francesco Sciarelli, were conspicuous and able evangelists labouring at the time in the city, the one in connection with the Waldensian Church, and the other with the Wesleyan Methodists.

The hall provided for the encounter was situated in the so-called Palace of the Sabines, in the Via delle Muratte, being conceded for the purpose by a clerical literary society called the *Accademia Tiberina*, by whom it was tenanted. It had been agreed that admission should be in equal numbers from both sides, and by ticket. Three hundred tickets were accordingly struck off, that being about the capacity of the room, distinguished by their colour, the Catholics adhering to their traditional yellow, and the Protestants favouring the blue of Savoy. This mode of admission, compelling the holders of tickets to choose sides, not only impressed, as we shall see, a peculiar appearance on the gathering itself, but gave rise to some curious incidents in the distribution. The sacerdotal corps, for instance, of the Greek Church at the Russian embassy, were particularly emphatic in their demand for a blue ticket, as indicating more accurately than the yellow their ecclesiastical affinities. The internal arrangements of the hall were simple and effective. At the upper extremity, on a slightly-raised platform, were the seats of the four presidents. Immediately below them, and facing one another, sat the speakers, the Catholics to the right, the Protestants to the left. Behind these, still farther to the right and left, were the respective reporters—for, to avoid all subsequent dispute, each party had provided its own. Below the space thus occupied sat the audience, in close-packed rows, each party on its own side of a middle aisle.

Two features struck the eye at once in looking down on the scene from the presidents' dais. The one was the different aspect presented by the tables in front of the orators. That behind which sat the Catholic champions was groaning with huge folios, which had even overflowed on to the floor.

In front of their adversaries lay only one modest octavo—but it was the Bible. Then again with regard to the audience, on the Protestant side the two sexes were pretty equally mixed; in the other half of the hall only one bonneted head appeared, by privilege of nobility, on the front seat. Both phenomena were typical, and had a long history behind them.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to give any account of the discussion itself. The shorthand report was subsequently reproduced in a faithful English translation, which the curious may read for themselves. The arguments were fairly put on both sides, but whether for attack or defence they were old weapons re-furnished. And herein indeed the combatants displayed their wisdom, for it is eminently to an historic question such as this, vexed even to triteness, that the old adage applies, that the true is not new, and the new is not true. The debate extended over two evenings, the orators on the two sides speaking alternately. It was conducted throughout with great urbanity and good feeling—a result due partly to the self-control and courtesy of the speakers themselves, and partly to the wise prohibition of all signs of applause or dissent.

The strong feelings that were simmering under cover of the enforced restraint could not but escape from time to time in a suppressed murmur, but on the whole the audience behaved admirably, and when at the close the combatants crossed over and shook hands with chivalric cordiality, one could not but sigh and exclaim, "*Oh! si sic omnes!*"

One effect of the discussion, whether as listened to or read, is to bring out in striking relief the true reason of the opposite conclusions that divide Christendom on the question that formed its subject-matter. The difference does not lie in the domain of fact. The data admitted on both sides are very much the same. When Canon Fabiani replied to Signor Sciarelli, he expressed at once his concurrence in the statements of fact the latter had adduced. When Ribetti and Gavazzi replied to Fabiani they made no attempt to invalidate the statements of fact adduced by their opponent. All that the one side affirmed with regard to the total silence of Scripture was conceded by the other. All that these affirmed on their part with regard to the concurrent testimony of ecclesiastical tradition was accepted by their antagonists. A mild demur was put in from the Catholic side to the literal reading by the Protestants of the Babylon of St. Peter's First Epistle, and to their affirmation that no allusion whatever to the Roman residence of the apostle is to be found in any of the writings of the Apostolic Fathers,—and this was the sum total of the difference on questions of fact.

But whilst there was a mutual agreement as to facts, in the appreciation of facts the two parties stood wide as the poles apart. Here indeed lay the whole gist of the controversy. So great was the difference as to indicate an altogether different standard of judgment—almost a difference of mental vision. To the Catholics the concurrence of tradition from the end of the second century



seemed to place the question beyond the reach of reasonable doubt. To the Protestants the total silence of Scripture in a detailed contemporary history, and in contemporary letters to and from the supposed scene of the event in debate, appeared to eliminate the possibility of its truth. Every habit of education and thought, nay, the inheritance of centuries of similar habits, combined to mould and fix the judgment of each party upon its own and the other's data. Seldom has there been a more *naïve* revelation of the influence of mental habits on the formation of opinion. Nor does it seem likely that anything, save the very improbable discovery of fresh historic evidence, will ever materially change the attitude of the two parties towards the subject in question. To the devout student of ecclesiastical antiquity, for whom the *consensus patrum* has the authority of inspiration, the Catholic position will ever seem invulnerable; to the Protestant, for whom tradition is *per se* suspect, and Holy Scripture, controlled and directed by the Spirit of God as well in its reticence as in its affirmations, the supreme authority, the silence of the Book will ever create an equally strong presumption on the other side.

Two outworks, however, of the Papal position were sadly battered and very feebly defended. The one was the argument from relics, upon which Signor Sciarelli delivered a formidable assault in his opening speech, and which was notably conspicuous by its absence in the replies of his opponents. The other was that accessory to the Papal tradition—if, indeed, it be not conceding too much to call it an accessory—according to which St. Peter's Pontificate in Rome extended over a period of twenty-five years. It was pretty plain that the Catholic champions did virtually abandon this outwork. There was no formal capitulation, but, together with Peter's chair and chains, it was left in the hands of the enemy.

Courteous and moderate as was the temper of the debate itself, it roused no little excitement in the public outside. Not that much interest was felt in the intrinsic truth or falsehood of the question at issue. The Italian mind, with regard to religious questions as such, may be divided broadly into two classes, the blindly receptive and the cynically sceptical. The one accepts without inquiry all that the priest teaches; the other rejects, equally without inquiry, all religious teaching, because it is supposed to come from the priest. Both agree, the one from apathy or dread, the other from contempt, in excluding from the domain of healthy research and discussion whatever truth or fact may challenge belief on the ground of revelation. It would be impossible to recall one solitary article, amongst the multitude of notices of the discussion contained in the journals of the time, in which the attempt was honestly made to appraise the value of the arguments on the two sides, or direct public opinion on the question itself, vital though it be to the professed creed of the nation.

But the fact of the discussion, as apart from the question discussed, was too significant in its rela-

tion to the politics of the day, not to stir into tumult the gusty atmosphere of the city. The moderate Liberal journals rejoiced in the event as a triumph of the new order of things, the inauguration of a new epoch of tolerant religious debate under the ægis of constitutional liberty. The extreme papers on both sides, such as the clerical "Frusta," and the democratic "Capitale," flew at one another hammer and tongs, garbling the reports of the speeches, shouting pæans of victory over the champions they had respectively espoused, and covering with invective and abuse the combatants of the other side, till the Protestants at all events were thoroughly ashamed of their self-elected allies.

At the same time the humoristic journals found abundant food for mirth in the whole affair. It was indeed nuts to crack for them. With a decided bias in favour of the Protestant side, or, more truly perhaps, with a strong *animus* against the clericals, they made impartial game of the entire event, thus representing, no doubt, better than any other section of the press the scoffing scepticism of the public mind. Thus "Don Pirloncino," presented a collection, partly real, partly fanciful and satirical, of relics supposed to prove the presence of St. Peter in Rome. Here, side by side with the famous chair and chains, which Rome declares to be authentic, we see Peter's fishing-net, "found on the banks of the Tiber," his wooden shoes, his keys, the head of his bronze statue in St. Peter's identified with the effigy of Jupiter Pluvius on an ancient coin, and an old fresco representing the cross on which he was crucified, head downwards, with the pick and spade which dug the hole still shown on the Janiculum, in which the cross was planted.

Still keener in the same line was a cartoon where Father Cipolla exhibits to his parishioners a relic furnishing yet more incontrovertible evidence, in the shape of the *first-class railway ticket with which St. Peter made the journey from Antioch to Rome!*

Two or three other caricatures related to an incident that followed immediately upon the discussion. Hardly had the presidents pronounced the debate closed on the second evening, when a priest of portly build and with features strikingly like those of the first Napoleon, walked up the aisle to the presidential bench, and asked permission to address the audience. It was Father Trullet, of the French embassy, a well-known figure in Rome, famous as a bibliophile and—it may be said now openly, for the worthy ecclesiastic passed away last year—for the parentage rumour assigned him in explanation of his classic face. Of course his request could not be conceded, but the good father's soul was hot within him, so the next day a letter appeared with his signature in one of the public journals, challenging Signor Sciarelli and as many Evangelical ministers as were to be found in Rome to reopen the discussion, for he, Father Trullet, alone was ready to encounter them all. The tremendous gasconade resulted in a very pitiful abortion, for "superior authority" interposed, prohibiting all further debate, and Father Trullet had to beat a

retreat as best he could. The "Raspa" caught the humour of the incident in a caricature representing Don Quixote Trullet on his gaunt Rosinante, and the appearance on the scene of the Jesuits with Father Bekz at their head, in the act of restraining the lust of the Papal combatants for battle.

The two evenings of the debate were followed by a fortnight's hard work on the reduction of the shorthand reports. Each side had employed its own reporters, and, as those of the Papal party had been for the most part tyros from the Propaganda College, it was no easy matter to reconcile variations and agree upon a common text. No serious divergence, however, arose; and difficulties were smoothed away before the courtesy and good will that continued to animate both parties.

It had been agreed, somewhat preposterously, that two identical copies of the report, one from each side, with the authentic signatures of presidents and disputants, should be published, without note or comment, on the same day. When the day arrived, one thing at all events became evident, that, whatever the intrinsic merits of the debate, the Protestants *believed* they had the best of it, while their opponents, to say the least, were dubious of the popular verdict; for while the Protestant edition, printed on good paper and in clear type, was hawked and cried from the earliest dawn through all the streets of the city—and those who heard that cry will not soon forget it—the Papal edition was literally stillborn. It is true that afterwards a very inundation of pamphlets and newspaper articles appeared, in which

the history and arguments of the debate were copiously annotated; but this, too, was open to sinister interpretations. It might be said that the Papal party treated their arguments for the apostle's Pontificate as they were wont to treat the apostle's own written words, "together with the other Scriptures," namely, as too obscure and dangerous to be entrusted in their plain literalness to the common sense of the people.

And, indeed, the whole conduct of the Romish authorities from that day forward has been a tacit confession, if not of defeat, at all events of mistake. The prohibition to reopen the discussion imposed on Father Trullet "by superior authority" was evidently the resumption of the ancient policy. Since then the many challenges to oral debate thrown down by the zeal of the Italian evangelists have always been met by the same reply of *Non licet*. And there can be little doubt that the discussion in Rome was, on the part of the Papacy, a false step. The very subject, though under certain aspects already mentioned adroitly chosen, was for it in one respect a singularly unfortunate one. In its discussion the Catholics risked everything, the Protestants nothing. For while the proof or disproof of Signor Sciarelli's thesis, that St. Peter never came to Rome, only just touches a curious accessory of Protestant dissent, it is vital to the very bases of Papal belief. But be this as it may, and be the interpretation given above of the Papal change of tactics right or wrong, one thing seems certain, that the discussion in Rome is destined to remain, in relation to the future, what it was in relation to the secular past—a unique and exceptional fact. H. J. P.

### The True Hero.



THE soldier's gallant bearing  
Brings honour to his name,  
And a tale of pluck and daring  
Sets English blood aflame;  
He who holds his life but lightly,  
He who meets oppression rightly,  
Oh, his deeds are blazoned brightly  
On the golden roll of fame.

The sturdy seamen matching  
Their strength against the wave  
And the swimmer boldly snatching  
A comrade from the grave;  
And the fireman at his station,  
Amid heat and suffocation,  
These command our admiration,  
They are truly heroes brave.

For virtue is to glory  
As china unto delf,  
Or Golconda, famed in story,  
To a single heap of pelf;  
We may laud the man who bore him  
Undismayed, though death seemed o'er him;  
But a hero far before him  
Is the man who conquers self. S. E. G.

But who, since there be many,  
Might claim it if they would,  
Is the worthiest of any  
To make his title good?  
Must he own a nerve unsinking—  
Face a peril hardly shrinking?  
There's a nobler yet, I'm thinking,  
In our human brotherhood.

He lives perhaps a stranger  
To homage or renown,  
Never braving special danger,  
Nor wearing laurel crown;  
Having small pretence to valour  
(Though of strife an earnest queller),  
He may be the humblest dweller,  
Ay, in all the busy town.

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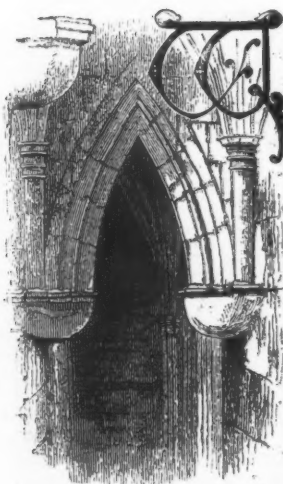
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A GERMAN NUDDIE.



## MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### VI.—THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN THE COMMONS AND THE CITY.



WHEN the reader, sitting down at his simple or luxurious breakfast-table in the morning, seizes with interest and avidity the London "Times," the "Telegraph," or the "Independent" or "Examiner" of the town in which he happens to live, he perhaps does not realise, never has realised, possibly has never known, the difficulties which have been surmounted in order that he may have set before him the debates which

took place in the House the night before. We are not alluding now to the cheap and unstamped paper, to the marvellous facilities for printing, or to the miraculous energies of the electric telegraph, but to those yet more formidable and ostensible difficulties which had to be overcome—those triumphs which had to be obtained over the House itself. The great conflict which decided whether the people should have the right to know what their representatives said, took place in 1771. Extraordinary efforts had been made repeatedly to bar the doors against popular intelligence. The House of Commons specially had claimed it as one of its privileges that the speeches should not be reported; both Houses discountenanced the practice, and sought to visit such daring printers as did violate this privilege with severe and heavy penalties. Of course repeated efforts were made to make the people acquainted with the words which were spoken within the mysterious walls of St. Stephen's; and it may be believed, as is the case with all smuggled goods, that the value of information concerning the debates was proportionably higher from the difficulty of obtaining any certain intelligence.

The proceedings were published under the designation of "Debates in a Political Club," or "A Debate in the Senate of Lilliput," etc. etc. The speakers received fictitious names, and so late as the Annual Register of 1770, the sovereign was

spoken of as "The K—," Parliament as "The P—," and the ministers as "The D— of G—"; etc., etc. To go beyond this was to violate the privileges of Parliament, and even this, of course, was deemed a violation, only it was inevitable. The Earl of Chatham, with his accustomed nobility of sentiment and speech, denounced the cowardice implied in this fear of intelligence. He says, "for a public assembly to be afraid of having their deliberations published is monstrous, and speaks for itself; no mortal can construe such a proceeding to their advantage; the practice of locking the doors is sufficient to open the eyes of the blind; they must see that all is not well within." It must seem to us remarkable now that the Commons House of Parliament, with so high a reputation for the love of freedom as it possessed over all Europe, should have been so hostile to the liberty of the press, so disposed to impose its prohibition or its prohibitive licence on printing. The consequence was that alleged libels swarmed over the metropolis and the country. This was the great point of controversy in the still unsettled Wilkes conflict, and the condemnation of the "North Briton." If this should seem singular, it must be remembered that a large amount of corruption, and even peculation, existed in Government offices, and, as the Earl of Chatham implies in the extract above, these shrunk from the light of day. All this possibility of secrecy came to an end in 1771.

There have been bad Houses of Commons, probably none worse or more utterly heretical than that which was sitting then, and, deaf to all demands for dissolution, had been sitting for some time past. This House at this juncture, and upon this question of its determination to guard sacredly the secret of its debates, took a stand which exhibited a degree of tyranny and illegality most certainly showing that sovereigns are not the only persons possessed of those unamiable properties, and compels a comparison between itself, in its rude and ruthless expressions of its claims, and some of those actions which brought Charles I face to face with his indignant Parliament. Indeed "Junius" likens this Parliament to the Star Chamber. It was an intensely, deeply excited time; there were questions before the House in which the people were naturally greatly interested. The House as we have seen, claimed it as their law and privilege—although indeed there was no law to that effect—that their debates should not be published. It was urged, and not unnaturally,



that the words of speakers were frequently misrendered, and their opinions misrepresented. Obviously, the only cure for this was free publication—publication free, fair, and safe from the threat and danger of punishment. The Senate, however, did not see that.

It was in the month of February, 1771, that Colonel George Onslow made a complaint to the House against Thompson, the publisher of "The Gazetteer," and Wheble, the publisher of "The Middlesex Journal," for having published speeches delivered in the House; he urged that the practice had attained to an infamous height; he moved that these men should be brought to justice for infringing the standing order, and severely punished. Of course, the discussion was long, but at last the motion passed; the minority was inconsiderable. Little did these gentlemen think what a hornets' nest they were arousing about their ears or their House, and what the issue of this throwing down the gauntlet to public opinion would be! Unfortunately, the ministers were no wiser than the House, and the king—then, let it be remembered, only thirty-one years of age—while in this matter he seemed more temperate than his ministers, still expressed his wish to bring "such miscreants"—his words—to justice; only he expressed his desire that they should be brought rather before the Lords than the Commons. The orders were issued for the arrest of Thompson and Wheble; but there was a difficulty in catching the gentlemen.

Meantime Colonel Onslow, to whom the affair seemed to present itself in the light of good sport, preferred complaint against six other printers, or, as he said on Tuesday, March 12th, apologising to his brother members, that he could show them no better sport, he would bring before them "three more brace of printers;" and these were caught, or dealt with. Several were brought before the House and compelled on their knees to confess their crime, and to apologise, at the same time piteously declaring that they and their families were ruined; but these were humbler tradesmen than those on whom Onslow and the House desired to make their effective raid. Still the first misdemeanants remained unarrested. There can be little doubt that the friends of the liberty of the press were on the alert. In the City of London a compact organisation was forming, and it was seen that a great crisis was arriving. The historians of the case seem almost unable to forbear some grim sense of humour as they describe how Mr. Clementson, the Deputy-Serjeant of the House, was kept dancing three whole days in Pater-noster Row, attempting to lay his hand on the person of John Wheble.

Previous papers have shown to our readers that a smouldering wrath—what may be spoken of as a kind of sense of civil war—had now for several years existed between the Commons and the City of London. At that time the City of London had long possessed, and was proud of its reputation for possessing, an interest in the great affairs of national freedom. Had not the five members, when the king vainly sought to arrest them in the

House, fled to the City for refuge? Had not the City thrown over them its shield of protection and defied the attempt of the king? Even in these last years, without endorsing the morality of Mr. Wilkes, had not the City seen through the whole fierce battle the popular end in the great struggle, and espoused his cause—not as a moralist, but as a martyr, for the sake of freedom? Besides, had not the Commons in several ways sought to touch the rights of the City—a city most tenacious and jealous of its civil rights? Perhaps here was an occasion in which the Commons of that day were to feel, as Charles Stuart had felt, the danger of touching City privileges.

Mr. Wheble, it is clear, took high legal opinion upon his case, and then he managed his own arrest. Fifty pounds reward had been offered for his discovery, and he contrived that a brother printer—one Carpenter, to whom fifty pounds would be a pleasant little donation—should be his captor, and the two went pleasantly along to the Guildhall together. There, as was perfectly well known would be the case,—John Wilkes was sitting as the presiding alderman; he had returned from abroad, and had been elected for the Ward of Farringdon, as we said in another paper. The case was settled with a promptitude which showed that all had been arranged beforehand. Wheble was at once released from custody; Carpenter, his brother printer, bound over to answer a charge of assault and false imprisonment at the next quarter sessions, and then sent off to Whitehall to claim his reward from Government beneath the certificate of "John Wilkes, Alderman."

Meantime another printer—Miller, the publisher of the "London Evening Post"—had been denounced by Colonel Onslow, and a messenger from the House of Commons was sent to arrest him. The messenger found his man, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and arrested him. Miller sent for a constable—not far to seek, for did we not say all had been organised? The constable soon appeared, and a crowd at his heels, and the messenger, to his amazement, found *himself* in custody. Into a hackney-coach they packed themselves, and were away, not to Westminster, but to the Guildhall, and from thence—the case evidently being so grave—to the Mansion House, where they found the Lord Mayor, Brass Crosby, with Alderman Oliver and Alderman John Wilkes, waiting their arrival. The flutter of many great events has stirred the air through many ages round the Lord Mayor's palace in ancient and in modern times, but we are inclined to agree with those who regard this circumstance as, if not superior, equal in magnitude and importance to any which had happened there. The present dull but stately building—no doubt then deemed a monument of great magnificence—was at that time in its juvenescence; it had only been first opened in 1750, and was much the same building as we at present behold it. The circumstances to which we are referring in this paper are certainly among the most important in the history of the Mansion House.

It is impossible not to see that there were clear eyes and strong hands moving behind all

that occurred—men who were determined that whatever was done should not be done in a corner. Care had even been taken that time enough should elapse for the intelligence to reach Westminster; and the Deputy-Serjeant of the Commons came down in full state to the Mansion House to rescue his subordinate and to claim the prisoner. The Lord Mayor replied to this demand by asking if the messenger were a constable or peace officer, and if the warrant had been signed by a City magistrate, thus claiming the rights which the City possessed within its own jurisdiction. Only one answer was possible. The man was not the former, and he had not obtained the latter; the whole thing was invalid. So the poor messenger was committed to prison to answer the charge of assault and false arrest. The Lord Mayor, of whom we know nothing but what is highly respectable, notwithstanding the flippant innuendoes of the cynic, Horace Walpole, insisted on relieving his colleagues of any responsibility, and taking the entire burden of the business on himself. "You," said he, turning to Wilkes, in the hearing of the whole of the Court, "have enough on your hands already." However, Wilkes, with the other magistrates, signed the order of commitment—a serious document, for was it not a declaration of war from the City against the whole House of Commons? We can well believe that the king was startled into an extraordinary state of anger. As soon as the news reached the palace, he sent instantly to the First Minister, Lord North, to tell him that "unless Crosby and Oliver were sent to the Tower nothing could save the Constitution from ruin."

It is curious to notice how, at this moment, and through all the stages of the coming conflict, they avoided Wilkes. Evidently they wanted to have no more to do with that pickle. Trouble enough with him already—trouble not yet over, so far as he was concerned.

The mayor himself was a Member of the House, Member for Honiton. All this had happened on the Friday, and on the Monday following the Speaker rose, and made a statement to the House of the entire dismal and disgraceful business; and then Welbore Ellis—not a nice man, a "lack-place man," he has been called—moved, in an evident state of trepidation, and like one who had learned and was repeating an unpleasant lesson, "That Brass Crosby, Esq., Lord Mayor of the City of London, a member of this House, do attend in his place in this House to-morrow morning." Then rose the conflict and the clamour. Some of the mightiest sticklers for order seemed appalled. A staunch old Tory, Sir William Meredith, a good old cavalier, but who had previously protested against the illegality of the Wilkite prosecutions—a man so honest and straightforward that what he said had the effect of good oratory—closed a long speech by saying, "I wish that those who are involved in the labyrinths of this fatal proposition had considered their judgments, and then made a pause! I desire to make my pause now. I came down to the House this day with a strong impression that I could take but one part, which was, if human wisdom

could find out the means, to put a stop to this business. By whom this business was brought into the House, I know; by whose dexterity it is to be got out of it, I do not yet know. But this I know, that unless you do get rid of it I see nothing but mischief before you!"

The storm was up, and no wonder! This bad House of Commons dared to do things as recklessly illegal as some of the worst and most tyrannical feats of the maddest of the Stuarts. Do our readers remember when James I sent for the Journals of the House, and with his own hand tore out a leaf containing a resolution which was offensive to him? This House of Commons matched that insane transaction. The following is a copy of the Minutes of the House of Commons, of March 20th, 1771:—

"That James Morgan, Clerk of the Lord Mayor, do at the table expunge the minutes taken before the Lord Mayor, relative to the messenger of this House giving security for his appearance at the next General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and he accordingly at the table expunged the same."

"Motion made, and question proposed,—

"That no other prosecution, suit, or proceeding be commenced, or carried on, for, or on account of, the said pretended assault or false imprisonment."

"It passed in the affirmative."

Of course speeches, wise and unwise, poured forth. Amongst the earnest and most eloquent demonstrators against the impolicy of the whole proceeding was Edmund Burke; but what is most marvellous is to find, on the Tory side, the future apostle of freedom, and magnificent tribune of the people, Charles James Fox; he was little more than a boy—twenty-one years of age—but a junior Lord of the Admiralty, and heartily with the Ministry in the full blossom of his future powers. He plunged right joyously into this fray, evidently regarding it as a most timely and glorious joke, and gave abundant promise in all his speeches of that overwhelming heart and oratory which, ere long, in quite another cause, would take all hearts captive. When the division came, he was one of the tellers, and in that capacity, standing on one of the seats, the juvenile senator appears to have exhibited anything but a proper gravity, on the contrary, a reckless jocularly. It was a protracted debate. Although the vote against Oliver, in spite of his magnanimous and gentlemanly bearing, had instantly consigned him to the Tower, he had said, when asked what he had to say in his defence, "I expect nothing from the justice of the House, and I defy its power!" As the vote passed, Colonel Barré, one of the great political notabilities of that day, left his seat and walked out of the House, after exclaiming, "These walls are unholy; they are baleful; they are deadly, as long as a prostitute majority holds the bolt of Parliamentary omnipotence, and hurls its vengeance only on the virtuous. To yourselves I consign you. Enjoy your own Pandemonium."

"When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station!"

It was indeed, as Mr. Trevelyan says, "a blast of vituperation."

But what could be done with the Lord Mayor? The state of his health had prevented him from attending the command of the House; but on the 27th March the case came on for a final hearing. He set forth from the Mansion House to appear before the Commons as in a kind of state; four Aldermen and eight Common Councilmen were appointed in a full court to attend and to assist him; and at the same meeting five hundred pounds were voted to meet all present charges, while the City took all the expenses of the transaction upon itself.

Can the reader form any idea of the appearance of London that day, as the immense crowds surged and heaved round the carriages on their way to the House? A long procession followed the mayor, consisting of eminent merchants, bankers, and considerable tradesmen; and beyond and outside these that immense multitude always willing to find or make a holiday. The scene in Parliament Street and Palace Yard must have been lively. The guards were ready to turn out at a minute's notice, but the mob disarmed the constables—those ancient Charlies, who certainly do not present a very intimidating appearance to our imagination. Inquisition was taken of the carriages which attempted to find their way to the House. It is impossible, even at this distance of time, not to feel some compassion for poor Lord North. So soon as he was descried he was hustled from his carriage, his hat was torn into a hundred pieces, the carriage was demolished, and the Prime Minister's life probably saved by that gallant old Sir William Meredith whose speech we quoted above. Charles Fox, too, suffered almost as much as his leader;—he was a most fashionable dandy then, was Charles;—he was pelted with oranges, stones, and mud. Eventually he got into the kennel, and he appears to have had on that day a suit of clothes of superb cut, which had just come from Paris! Of course we cannot dwell on all that went on in the House that day. Many pens have attempted the story; the last pen, and the best, in Mr. Trevelyan's "Early History of Charles James Fox."

Dirty, torn, a tatterdemalionish-looking character, and by no means in a good temper, Lord North seems to command our respect more in the House that day than in most moments of his certainly not glorious career. "Junius" wrote of him: "This graceful minister is oddly constructed; his tongue is a little too big for his mouth, his eyes a great deal too big for their sockets, every part of his person sets natural proportion at defiance, his head is much too heavy for his shoulders." In the House that day he said: "I certainly did not come into office by my own desire. Had I my wish, I would have quitted it a hundred times, but, as to my resigning now, look at the transactions of this day, and say whether it is possible for a man with a grain of spirit, with a grain of sense, to think of withdrawing from the service of his king and his country at such a moment. Unhappy that I am, that moment finds me in this situation, and there are but two

ways in which I can now cease to be minister—by the will of my sovereign, which I shall be ready to obey, or by the pleasure of the gentlemen now at our doors, when they shall be able to do a little more than they have done this day;" and the fine old English gentleman, torpid old cynic as he was, was actually weeping when he uttered these words. He knew that he had, perhaps, narrowly escaped the fate of De Witt, and he did not know but that it might be yet in reserve for him when he left the House.

However, Welbore Ellis—"little Manikin Ellis" "Junius" calls him—to whose contemptible hands the tremendous motion had been entrusted, and of whom Mr. Trevelyan truly says, "He never minded what came with the day's work so long as it did not interfere with the day's wages," rose to say that the crime of the Lord Mayor was heinous, far beyond that of Alderman Oliver—whom they had already very promptly clapped in the Tower—but that, in consideration of his shattered health, he should be spared the Tower, and committed to the gentler custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. We by no means wonder that his lordship declined the proffered consideration. To crown the illegality of the whole proceeding, the House had refused to hear the mayor in defence, through his counsel, which, in fact, amounted to a refusal to listen to the teachings of the law upon the matter, or, at any rate, his conceptions of his relation to the law of which he was a magistrate. No doubt a lodging in the Tower was preferable to one of the miserable attics or garrets over the House in that day, but with great dignity he replied that he had acted as his conscience had prompted him. He would not solicit favours from the House. His health, he said, had considerably improved, and he saw no reason why he should be exempted from the penalties which had been inflicted upon his honourable friend; and although his conduct had met with the condemnation of the House, he should, nevertheless, under similar circumstances, act in precisely the same manner.

The House of Commons thus dared, and openly defied, had no alternative but to commit him to the Tower; the difficulty was to get him there. Of course an attempt at rescue was anticipated. To prevent this the king had advised that he should be conveyed quietly by water. This, however, was not done. It looks to us as though the whole affair was egregiously bungled. It was midnight when the Lord Mayor was led away from the House in custody. Late as it was, the reader may be sure what crowds were still gathered and waiting round the House and in Palace Yard.

As soon as he left the House he was enthusiastically cheered; loud shouts rose,—*"The people's friend!"* *"The guardian of the people's liberties!"* The horses were taken from his carriage, and he was dragged in triumph through the dimly lighted streets, where the feeble lamp-light or the red torches vainly struggled to vanquish the gloom, as far as the City entrance of Temple Bar. Ah! the old Temple Bar! It was the scene of wild tumult that night. Crosby had himself to use stratagem to lure the mob from the disgrace of a great crime, and the Government from the disgrace



of a great defeat. He was, of course, as we have said, in the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, Mr. Clementson. Him it was proposed to drag from the carriage, and hang, like Captain Porteous, on the nearest lantern. The mayor somehow pacified the mob—told them that he was permitted to have one night more in his own bed in the Mansion House; described the Serjeant as "his friend," some accounts say, as his "chaplain." "These facts stand," says Mr. Adolphus, in his very matter-of-fact history, "on good authority; it is even said that the rope was ready for the purpose of summary vengeance on the innocent Serjeant." The carriage was got through the gates, and then the ponderous old things were shut, and the populace escorted the mayor to the Mansion House. Arrived there, let us hope he obtained the comfort of some hours' rest. But he got up the next morning, and quietly, privately, and unostentatiously walked to the Tower, and delivered himself up to the Constable. For, as we have said, the mayor, and those who were with him, knew that a great public right was at issue—the right of the people to a knowledge of what took place in the debates in the people's House; he had no idea of flight.

The next day the populace showed their indignation by hanging, burning, and beheading, on Tower Hill, the effigies of those who had taken part against their favourites. "I had the honour, sir," said Colonel Onslow, addressing the Speaker some time after, "to be hanged in effigy on Tower Hill, on the same gibbet with you!" An effort was made in the court of King's Bench to set aside and to show the illegality of the sentence of the Commons; but the judges did not so much declare its legality as that they had no power to interfere. So back to the Tower went the Lord Mayor, and his brother-in-arms, Alderman Oliver, there to remain until the breaking up of Parliament, which had yet some months to run.

In fact, in every stage it was a great City triumph; a large deputation of the most considerable Whig leaders went to the Tower to sympathise with the prisoners in their apartments. Dukes, marquises, and earls, with the most eminent leaders of the Commons, amongst whom we notice the great name of Edmund Burke. Wilkes, whom our readers will remember as one of the guilty three, had with impunity escaped all this. He had been summoned by the House to appear, but he coolly sent word back that if the House permitted him to appear in his place as a member—for they had never revoked their vote of expulsion—he would appear; otherwise not. So they let him alone. As to the prisoners, they lived in clover; the City, indeed, had unanimously voted to provide all the expenses of the mayor's table and other such comforts. This he

very properly and very courteously declined, saying that he would bear all his own charges. So there in the Tower they continued. Fearing some popular demonstration, the Government had kept secret the day for the prorogation of the House, but, in fact, it could not be kept a secret, and when the park guns fired to announce the departure of the king to the Parliament, as the Tower gates opened and the mayor came forth, there stood his state carriage, the sheriffs in their carriages of state, and an immense cavalcade in waiting to receive the chief magistrate of the City and the alderman. All the aldermen, the City dignitaries and officers, in their robes of ceremony and office, were there. And so the mayor was escorted home to the Mansion House. At night the whole City was illuminated, and such fireworks as that time could command lent their radiance to the festive scene. Thus terminated the pleasant comedy; but after this no attempts were made to restrain the press from giving the fullest accounts possible of all that was said or done within the walls of Parliament.

The name of Brass Crosby is almost forgotten now except by such curious searchers into old archives as ourselves; but at that time the spot of ground now called St. George's Circus, and where the roads to the Waterloo, Westminster, and Blackfriars Bridges converge, was a pleasant and open tract of ground, called St. George's Fields. There the citizens of London erected an obelisk that year in honour of their sturdy mayor, and if the wayfarer should step into the road to read the inscription on the obelisk which greets him, it will tell him in its almost effaced letters, "Erected in xith year of the reign of King George the Third, MDCCCLXXI. The Right Honourable Brass Crosby, Lord Mayor." It is very likely that in the erection of this obelisk the City thought that the name of the mayor and the year of his mayoralty would sufficiently perpetuate its purpose and mark the danger in a great nation of attempting to bring undefined privileges or prerogatives into contest with a people disposed to dispute all doubtful assumptions of authority. In fact, it may be said Brass Crosby closed the conflict respectably which Wilkes had, with more questionable, not to say licentious, weapons commenced.

Let us add that the still finer monument to the memory of the Lord Mayor and his compatriots in this great transaction is in the privilege which is now given every day to every reporter to take down, to every publisher to print, and to every Englishman to read, the transactions and speeches of the British Parliament. These rights appear never to have been questioned since those days and transactions which it has been the object of this paper concisely to describe.





## MY GERMAN SCHOOL-LIFE.



Y father was appointed to the chaplaincy of Worms, on the Rhine, when I was quite a little child, and for fifteen years I never left Germany, growing up with German girls and boys for my school-fellows and playmates. How well

I remember the small town of Worms, with its six churches. Once it could boast of sixty. What a splendid old pile the cathedral was! How often on our return from school at five o'clock, on frosty winter evenings, would we steal into the sacred edifice, to listen to the pealing of the rich-sounding organ! How vividly it all comes before me! The chastened light—a commingling of fading twilight and burning altar candles. The kneeling few, grouped here and there in the nave; the querulous old priest at the Lord's table. We never ventured to remain long, knowing that our mother would feel anxious about us if we were late, and always ran the whole way home to make up for lost time.

I have good cause to remember those truant evenings! Once, when, delighted with the organ, we had loitered longer than usual, we hurried out of the building. In my haste I slipped upon a piece of ice on the upper step of a long flight leading from the great porch, and slid rapidly upon my back to the bottom, bumping my head at every step. My sisters were too much frightened to help me. We were all little things in those days. It was with difficulty that I managed to crawl home, supported by a sister on either side; but I kept my pains to myself, and although my mother remarked that I looked pale, my secret was not discovered until the next day, when the bruises upon my poor back and head betrayed me. There was no going into the cathedral in the dark after that, so we varied the entertainment.

German schools generally open at eight in the morning. The girls work until ten, when they have a quarter of an hour for rest and play, and then work on again until twelve. At that hour they disperse and go to their dinner; at two o'clock work begins again, and at five the classes break up. Then comes the fun. German girls have brothers who also go to school; these brothers possess sleighs, and the amusement of winter evenings is to fetch the girls from school and draw them home. Of course each boy has his little girl favourite. As we all came trooping out, the little sleighs were drawn up in rows. The boys stood waiting beside them. I am afraid these young cavaliers were more or less fickle in their attentions. Some indeed selected a new favourite every evening. As well as I remember, my friend—the son of a well-known professor,

now himself a man of renown—was very faithful, and if he did not draw my sleigh every evening, I fear it was all the fault of the little young lady of ten who thought a great deal of herself at that time, and liked to snub "poor Gustav." She is wiser now. When all the girls were seated, each in a tiny sleigh (except indeed a few "Bösen," "cross ones," who were left out in the cold), the boys drew up six in a line, and away started the whole procession at a mad gallop through the frozen streets. Carriages, carts, foot-passengers, had all to make way for us. At a certain point we had of course to separate, and so the little army gradually became less and less. As we lived farther from the school than almost any of the others, we had the greatest fun.

I do not say that these delightful drives always went on smoothly. I well remember that on one occasion, when, tempted by the starlight evening, we strayed a little beyond the precincts of the town, my youngest sister, then about eight years of age, was, in the height of pleasurable excitement, suddenly overturned upon the snowy road. No bones were broken, however, and our terror having subsided, we resumed our rapid flight over the frosty ground, merrier than ever. This, then, was the entertainment which took the place of our cathedral visits, and we thought it quite as good a one.

"All work and no play," etc., is an old saying, which, however, does not hold good, as far as German boys and girls are concerned; for the "play" seems to be a most secondary consideration, or rather, the "work" itself is by them regarded as "play." It certainly was so in my own case also. Often have I heard an English girl exclaim, "How I hate school!" or, "How glad I shall be when I leave school!"

Whence comes it that I cannot remember to have heard a German girl utter this sentiment? I have never been to an English school, but I presume that some essential difference exists in the mode of training, which renders the years of study less irksome to our German sisters and brothers than to ourselves.

In the German school which I attended for nine years there were one hundred and twenty girls. With the exception of some twelve or fourteen, all were day-scholars; our hours of study being those mentioned above. We were of all ages, ranging from four or five to sixteen or seventeen years. The school was divided into three classes. The first class comprised fifty, the second forty, and the lowest thirty girls. We all met together at ten o'clock, for the quarter of an hour allotted to play. The school was kept by an old lady super-

intendent, under whose management were three other ladies—governesses. Two of them were French, the other German; but none of these took any part in the teaching; they remained in the different rooms for supervision only. Once a day at least, during some class, never at any fixed hour, the lady superintendent would herself come into each room, and inquire of the master how things were going on, and if any pupil was either careless or refractory, she was there and then reprimanded in presence of us all. I am afraid none of us cared very much for the old lady. One reason for our dislike being the fact of her having very long fingers, with which she was in the habit of tapping rather *feelingly* upon the shoulder any one of us who might be stooping over or sitting carelessly at her desk. It was the rule of the school that each pupil should bring her desk with her. They were all regulation size, large enough to contain the books, paper, and other things which we might at any time require, and they were carefully locked in the evening, each girl taking her key away with her. We had a professor for every separate subject, and I must say they did their best to interest us in our work. The religious teaching in the school took up one hour every morning, a Lutheran minister and a Roman Catholic priest attending the pupils of the two denominations. There was a professor for history; another for geography; a third for arithmetic; a fourth for astronomy; a fifth for chemistry; a sixth for writing; a seventh for the German language only; two for French—the one for correction and conversation, the other for preparation; a master for drawing, and another for class-singing.

Let me describe how work was carried on in the highest class.

Except what we were given to prepare at home in the evening, all the teaching was done orally. I think the term "lecture" might be more applicable than "lesson" to the hour's instructions given us by each professor. Our history master never used a book, but would himself, with great accuracy, narrate historical facts to us—sometimes dictating short passages, upon which he would question us in the following lesson. Geography was taught us pretty much in the same way, only we were expected—after having heard and written down the names and positions of different countries, rivers, towns, and so on—to point out their situations upon blank maps, where the outlines alone were traced out. Arithmetic and astronomy were illustrated by rules and figures upon black boards, of which there were two monster ones at either end of the class-room; and I well remember once having been made to represent the sun, whilst I had an earth to revolve round me in the shape of one of the girls! A lecture on chemistry was delivered to us, practically illustrated with interesting experiments, and

once we had the pleasure of receiving a shock from a small galvanic battery! We were not made to write from printed copies, but our patient, white-haired master would go from desk to desk, and set us some line of poetry, or an amusing proverb, in his own bold clear hand.

In German we were made to read aloud, not stories out of reading-books, but our professor would choose a passage from some standard work—sometimes poetry, sometimes prose—and we were most carefully taught to recite and to declaim with expression, great strictness being exercised with regard to modulating the voice. Then we would be given a subject (say, "The lily and the bird") upon which to write a short essay at home, and the said essays were carefully revised and commented upon by our German master during the class. The French teaching was conducted in the same manner. Frequently we were given a play by some one of the best authors to put into German, and *vice versa*, and, whilst reading from our own translation, we were supposed to be able to repeat the original, line for line, without having learnt it by heart. Conversation was always carried on in the language being taught.

The class-singing was very enjoyable; bright, pretty, well-known airs being taught us correctly.

As for the botany lessons, they were nothing but delightful picnics during the summer months. Imagine sixty girls all sallying forth together, each one provided with a long tin box slung over her shoulder—the said tin box containing a good luncheon! Our professor and one of the governesses accompanied us, and we would wander along the Rhine bank, or up the wooded hills, until we found a suitable place for resting. When luncheon was over, we separated into little groups of three or four, to search for wild flowers of every description. When we had gathered a sufficient quantity, we collected together again—the professor in the midst of us—and spent a couple of hours in analysing, with his help, the different plants we had found. Each one had her book, and the Latin as well as German names were dictated to us, not to be forgotten when asked for at our next picnic.

Then there were our sewing lessons—twice a week in the afternoon—where we learnt every kind of needlework, from making a shirt to the finest and most delicate fancy work. Besides this we were drilled every day for an hour by a real live sergeant!

But I shall weary my readers by longer dwelling upon school habits in Germany. I have said enough I think to let them see that the teaching in German schools is thoroughly practical, besides being so varied as to really interest the pupils. Thus they learn to look upon study as a pleasurable occupation, instead of a tedious business, to be got through, and discontinued as soon as possible.

A. M.

## DECORATIVE PLATE OF LONDON LIVERY COMPANIES.

BY JOSEPH GREGO

1.



GROUP OF "LOVING-CUPS," CLOTHWORKERS' HALL.\*

THE reputations and traditions of the Livery Companies of the City of London are so associated with records of entertainments offered to personages of distinction, that the mere mention of decorative plate in connection with civic "commonalties" and their hospitalities at once suggests visions of richly-furnished tables, and of corporations which exhibit the evidence of their early foundation by the display of precious heirlooms of antique plate. We picture them placed, as in the case of great salt-cellsars and "loving-cups," before the master and wardens to grace the service of the board, etc., ranged upon a buffet or upper sideboard, "ponderous with gold and plate of pride," and occupying the superior extremity of the apartment.

The resources of the great Liveries, rich in handsome trophies of gilt and silver plate, warrant this impression to a certain extent; but the enthusiasm of the antiquary, mainly dwelling upon remote mementoes of civic glories, is doomed to partial discouragement, as concerns the existence of the major proportion of the antique treasures which ornamented the tables of the Fellowships in early times. Still, enough that is rare and curious is left to excite interest, quite apart from the admiration which is producible by the arrangement of masses of resplendent plate, in which styles, eras, and historical connections are of less consequence; and, as we shall have occasion to recapitulate, it will be found that several of the companies may still pride themselves upon the preservation of pieces of plate dating back to the Tudors and Stuarts.

Before alluding to objects of interest which have hitherto escaped the many calamities environing such convertible securities as massive plate, it is curious to glance at the ancient statements of

\* This group of "loving-cups" is the property of the Clothworkers' Company, to whom we are indebted for the use of the engraving. 1. Presented by Daniel Waldo, Master 1655-6. 2. Presented by Sir Joseph Williamson, Master 1676-7. 3. Presented by Samuel Pepys (the Diarist), Master 1677-8. 4. Presented by George Bousfield, Master 1848-9. 5. Presented by George Neale Driver, Assistant 1855. 6. Presented by Samuel Wheeler, Master 1862-3. 7. Presented by Samuel Bousfield, Assistant 1872.

accounts and similar archives of the corporations in which records exist of precious belongings now numbered with the past.

These inventories register the irreparable losses which archaeology has sustained in the disappearance of mazer-bowls, with black-letter inscriptions, "grace," or loving-cups, tankards, carved standing-nuts, parcel-gilt goblets, hanaps, beakers, cups for caudle and posset, nests of silver bowls for wine or ale, "Allmayne," or double cups, "Rhenish Tuns," or wine cisterns, salvers, ewers, and rose-water dishes, spoons with figures of the Apostles, elaborate "salers," or great salt-cellers of State, and innumerable missing objects of a like character, wrought with the goldsmith's cunning, and marking, with the progress of taste, the technical skill attained by successive generations of artificers.

The sympathies of all lovers of art must in this case side with the companies, deprived, through misfortunes which they were powerless to resist, of the memorials consigned to their perpetual keeping through gifts and bequests of generous members of their Fellowships, offerings of special intrinsic value, and inscribed with the names and affectionate remembrances of departed worthies, who thus commended their memory to the associations with which they had been identified.

Apart from the passion for novelty, which wrought so much mischief amongst the treasures of monastic institutions, the causes which led to the dispersal and destruction of the plate of the great Liveries must be chiefly attributed to the specie value, which made these precious possessions convenient sources to meet the exactions, mercilessly levied upon the leading corporate bodies under the disguise of "loans and benevolences," when the regnant powers considered they had need of money to replenish an exhausted exchequer, as was invariably the pretence.

Few circumstances afford more forcible illustrations of the disregard shown to "vested rights" and the property of communities, than the demands, once commonly made, under arbitrary sovereigns, upon the companies in the direction of forced loans raised upon the security of corporate plate. Memorial gifts and the service-plate of the halls were constantly exposed to the risk of being illegally sold or pledged at the will and bidding of the Crown. "Bluff King Hal," in his prescripts to "the fathers of the City," offers a remarkable instance of the lengths to which despotism could be carried under the Tudor rule without provoking any recorded resistance. In a mandate, dated 1523, an unwarrantable exaction is set forth, that whereas the king, proposing to borrow a certain sum of the City, "commanded to have all the money and plate that was belonging to any hall or craft in London, to the intent that the money might be lent with the more ease." Following the consequences of this order is an entry in the books of the Ironmongers' Company, to the effect that all the money belonging to their hall was handed over to the king, together with the sum resulting from the sale of their memorial cups and basins, and the pledging of the residue.

"Were it not," writes Mr. G. R. French, an eminent authority on the subject of all that concerns the antiquities of the London Livery Companies, "that it is a serious matter for the contributors to these forced loans, one would be inclined to smile at the misplaced terms, 'borrowed' and 'lent,' in these transactions, for the royal Henry was evidently of the opinion held by the famous swaggerer, Pistol, 'Base is the slave that pays,' a feeling also entertained by Sir John Falstaff:—'I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.'" Henry's eldest daughter did not overlook this profitable refuge in need, for in 1558 we find Queen Mary levying large sums of money from the corporations; and from this period the extracting of involuntary contributions from trading guilds became "a regular source of supply to Government, and was prosecuted during Elizabeth's and succeeding reigns with a greediness and injustice that scarcely left those societies time to breathe."

The good old days of "The Virgin Queen" are strongly exemplified from the histories of the companies; her Majesty imperiously demanding loans without compensation at her "sweet will and pleasure," in no measured terms, at the loss of the guilds:—"This is to will and command you that forthwith you prepare in readiness the sum of 1x. l. of the stock of your hall (and if you have not so much in store, then you must borrow the same at interest at the only costs and losses of your hall. Fail you not hereof, as you will answer for the contrary hereof at your peril."

Similar ordinances, which travelled the round of the companies, were founded on a most ingenious scheme, but were obviously a violation of every principle of right. Malcolm observes (*Lond. Redivivum*), "These precepts and other resources produced Queen Elizabeth £140,000, apparently more than she at that time knew what to do with; however, herself or her ministers found an expedient, which was to force the citizens to receive it for a year or more at seven per cent., in sums of from £500 to £50 each person, on pledges of gold and silver plate, or other ample security."

In 1567 the politic queen borrowed a hint from some of the Continental Governments, and had recourse to State lotteries, the wardens being admonished to exhort the Livery to invest in chances.

The reward to the Lord Mayor "for persuading every man to adventure, and for dealing with the masters and wardens of all the companies to make adventures, was a gift from her Majesty in respect of the forward service of the said lottery, one basin and ewer of £100, and to each of the sheriffs one basin and ewer of 100 marks (the mark being two-thirds of a sovereign), to remain to the use of the Lord Mayor and sheriffs and their successors for ever."

These lotteries were mostly for plate, but it does not appear that the numbers or richness of the prizes were adjusted on a liberal scale, as the following instance sufficiently indicates: when, in 1612, James I essayed a lottery of plate to forward the plantation of Virginia, in which all the companies adventured, the Grocers are pointed out as an example of signal good-fortune, having won a



silver salt and cover worth £13 10s. for only a venture of £62 5s., and a fee of 19s. 6d. delivery.

Under the House of Stuart, notoriously given to resort to subterfuges in order to raise means for



BEADLE'S STAFF-HEAD (1694). CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY.

lavish extravagances, it is ascertained that much precious plate was brought to destruction; yet the companies seem to have fared relatively well until the contention between the strained prerogative of the Crown and the popular liberties precipitated the state of revolution which resulted in bringing Charles I to the scaffold. During the protectorship of Cromwell a certain proportion of plate was converted, to supply the sinews of war and the exigencies of the times; when the masters of the Liveries happened to be zealous Parliamentarians, the treasures were devoted for the advantage of the State, and a record of the weights of the pieces, and of the inscriptions engraved upon them, in the case of benefactions, was entered in the archives, to the end that similar memorials might be replaced in more prosperous times, and the original dedications revived, a provision too generally allowed to sink into oblivion, as the subsequent records of the Liveries demonstrate.

During the Commonwealth the Goldsmiths' Hall became a place of greater national consequence; from 1611 to the Restoration it served as the Parliamentary Exchequer; all the moneys accumulated from forfeitures or "Sequestrations" of the Royalists' estates were there stored up, and delivered as occasion required to pay the adherents of the new order of things.

A compromise, satisfactory to both sides, must have been effected on the return of Charles II; probably following the ancient order of procedure,

a sum of money was advanced by way of restitution, and to purchase the royal favour. It is certain that the king became so far reconciled to the Goldsmiths' Company as to borrow their funds in as profuse a fashion as their circumstances would allow.

The Fire of London in 1666 completed the embarrassments of the City companies, already overwhelmed with debt, the consequence of the compulsory loans under which they had long suffered; these royal amercements culminated under Charles II. The City premises, from which their income was chiefly derived, were burnt down, their records were destroyed, with the picturesque halls which formed the head-quarters of the respective Liveries. Most of their superfluous plate had already been engaged as a method of meeting current requirements; in several instances the remainder was melted by the great conflagration.

The books of the companies, as Mr. Herbert has ascertained, point out the course pursued under this accumulation of misadventures. The first object was to secure their melted plate, of which the greater societies had possessed vast quantities, and next to take an account of their



THE ROYAL OAK CUP (1676). BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL.

losses and capabilities. Although it was a service of considerable difficulty, the masters and wardens at once set about recovering the remnants of their treasures. As early as the 20th September, only

seventeen days after the commencement of the fire, at a court of the Merchant Taylors' Company, specially summoned for the occasion, it was ordered that the master and wardens do view the company's plate that is melted in the late dreadful fire, and do treat with Mr. Taylor, at the Tower, or any other person, about refining the same; the melted silver having evidently been fused with the *débris* of foreign matter.

The Grocers' Company on the 9th of November of the same year received the particulars from their wardens of the company's plate melted in the hall in the late violent and destructive fire, and of the melted parcels taken up and put together, with the company's urgent occasions for a supply of money; when it was ordered that the same plate (amounting to 200 lb. weight of metal) should be sold and disposed of to the best advantage and benefit of the company. It is noteworthy that the latter society was originally well provided with plate of a substantial character.

The Goldsmiths' Company, although equally affected with the other Liveries in respect to the destruction of their hall, does not appear to have suffered in the same degree in regard to their papers and such of their plate as had escaped the pressing pecuniary necessities of the corporation, which had been brought about through their heavy enforced loans to the Stuarts, and the urgent obligations entailed upon them by their responsibilities as holders of deposits, and accountable for the money of others which they had re-lent at high rates of interest to the impecunious exchequer of Charles II.\*

From "the first meeting of the wardens and assistants since the late fire" (15th September, 1666) it appears that Sir Charles Doe had obtained the keys of the company's treasury, and had taken thence all their late writings and other their concerns for the present preservation of them, and that he caused the same to be removed to a house at Edmonton, well known to the deputy-assayer, who affirmeth that "all is there well secured."

It was then ordered that, so soon as Sir Robert Viner's house was fitted up, the company's plate be brought from Edmonton, and "then lent to the said Sir Robert, who is sheriff elect, to be used by him in his shrievalty, and which the wardens are entreated to deliver to him by inventory indented, as in like case hath been accustomed, wherewith he was contented."

Before the hall could be repaired, and while the ruins were still tottering, the distress entailed by the fire was supplemented by a more momentous risk. The Goldsmiths, in their capacity as bankers, were the repositories of the funds of the community, moneys which they had advanced to the State at a remunerative rate of interest; a third

national calamity swiftly following the plague and the fire paralysed trade, brought them to the verge of insolvency, and necessitated the temporary suspension of payments. England, in June, 1667, was exposed to risks which, at this distance of time, seem incredible.\* The Dutch and French fleets were threatening the coast; ships, men, ammunition, and money were all wanting to oppose them. On the 12th De Ruyter, after taking Sheerness and Queensborough, and making himself practically master of the Isle of Sheppey three days before, forced the chain-defence attempted across the river at Chatham, sent his detachment of light ships up the Medway, burnt the finest ships in the British navy there sheltered, and carried off the largest, the Royal Charles, as a trophy. The little opposition they encountered was ineffectual, as our ships were unprovided with gunpowder. According to a Dutch fly-sheet, printed at Amsterdam contemporaneously, the damage done to the English at Sheppey was estimated at more than four tons of gold.

The Kentish and Eastern sea-boards were both threatened; with the Dutch expected as far as Woolwich, and the people all fled with their families from Greenwich and Blackwall, it is not surprising that the merchants were seemingly undone. "The great bankers of money shut up their shops," and people were frantic with despair, "tearing their hair" and believing they were betrayed.

Among the State papers (Domestic Series, vol. ccvii., 113) is a letter (June 29) to Viscount Conway from a business agent upon "money matters." In it is pictured the state of confusion into which the City was thrown, and notably the perplexity which involved the Goldsmiths. "On the first attempt of the Dutch at Chatham, there was such astonishment that every one went to his goldsmith to recall his moneys; but they were all sent back empty-handed. The king was forced to issue a declaration to save the Goldsmiths from persecution; people's hearts are better settled, though still in the same uncertainty."

In this emergency it was decided to sell the companies' "proper plate," being that retained for service, and also the gifts of benefactors. The famous cup of Sir Martin Bowes, received by him by right of office, as Lord Mayor, at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, happily escaped the general wreck, but other royal gifts had presumably disappeared, since there is no record of their preservation.

On the 5th July, 1667, while the Dutch fleet was still harassing men's minds and credit was

\* King's speech to both Houses, 1673, Car. 25. "In the last place, I am highly concerned to commend to your situation and care the debt I owe the Goldsmiths, in which many other of my good subjects are involved: I heartily recommend their condition to you, and desire your assistance for their relief."—*Echard's History of England*, 1720.

The Goldsmiths were evidently tempted by the inducement of a high percentage to risk their money and that of their clients, for they were the bankers of the period, in supplying the king and his ministers with funds. It appears from a State paper (Domestic Series, vol. ccx., 114, 1667, July 23) that "in the time of the sickness (the great plague) it was well known his Majesty paid £10 per cent. to the Goldsmiths for his money."

\* The greatest need was felt in June, 1667; ships were few, incomplete, and short-handed, the payment of the seamen being in arrears; horse and foot soldiers were equally wanting, and ammunition lacking; the ministers were in disgrace, the Lord Chancellor more than suspected; the Duke of Buckingham surrendering himself to the Tower one day, and attending the Council on the morrow; distrust between Catholics and Protestants; the remnants of Presbyterians and the loyal party at variance; the king grievously in debt, and without funds; England being benumbed with lethargy and wilfully blind, with an enemy at her ports both watchful and provident. The Dutch fleet, it may be remembered, had inflicted a never-to-be-forgotten disgrace upon the Medway, and was still roving between Gunfleet and the Downs. On the 27th of June their ships had come into the river within five miles of Gravesend, which gave a fright, Woolwich and Chatham being unprovided. Had they the courage to come on shore when they got into Chatham, they might have spoiled all that was in the river up to the Tower. It was a great Providence that this negligent security did not cause greater prejudice.

entirely upset, the following resolution was passed: "In consideration of the many urgent and pressing occasions of the company for raising of money for their present service, and more especially that of repairing the hall—which, should it be omitted at this season, might endanger the falling of the walls now standing—and that the company have no occasion to make use of their plate, nor place convenient where the same may be secured—it is at this court agreed that all, or at least such part thereof as is not serviceable, shall be sold. Yet with respect to the benefactors' gifts as that such as shall be parted with, the *coats-of-arms* and other *inscriptions* may be carefully taken, and the same recorded in the company's court-books. In order that such amount of plate may be restored, and made again, when the company shall be thereunto enabled."

A note of the arms and other expressions of several pieces of plate, and the respective weights, and also of the company's proper plate, duly appeared, and all were sold, "according to an order of the Court of Assistants," 10th July.

Then follows a list of the respective cups, with the donors' names and arms, together with other drinking-vessels, several of great weight, and of silver-gilt. One of them, described as "a standing cup and cover," half-chased, inscribed, "The Gift of Robert Sherley the Elder, An<sup>o</sup>. D<sup>ni</sup> 1612," is set down to have weighed 93½ oz. They almost all, besides the names and arms of the donors, had also verses and mottoes. A gift from Mr. Leadham is entered as one standing cup and cover, with his coat-of-arms engraven, and these words about:—

"The Gift of Tho<sup>s</sup>. Leadham, Gold<sup>th</sup>, M<sup>r</sup> Ward<sup>e</sup> in An<sup>o</sup>. D<sup>ni</sup>. 1630;" and these words about the middle of the cup:—

"This gift I leave among my friends  
Of that which God did give,  
That when I die this gift of mine  
Among my friends may live."

Evidently the master-warden of 1630 did not anticipate that his donation would disappear within forty years of its dedication to the good keeping of his successors in the Livery; nor does it appear that the laudable resolution of the company, that the pieces disposed of under pressure should "in time be new-made and restored as their gifts," was again taken into consideration to any serious extent.

Concerning the custom, already mentioned, of the presentation of a rich cup to the chief magistrate of the City for the time being, on the visit of a sovereign, there exist three ancient memorials of this description, two of which are in the possession of the Barber-Surgeons—the Grace Cup and cover presented by King Henry VIII (hall-marked 1523), and the Royal Oak Cup and cover, the gift of Charles II, in 1676. The most precious of the three royal acknowledgments of civic consequence is appropriately in the keeping of the Goldsmiths' Company—the elegant cup and cover bestowed upon Sir Martin Bowes by Queen Elizabeth, bearing the date-letter of 1554. Illustrations of these cups will be given in the present series of papers.

## SOUTH AFRICA AS A FIELD FOR COLONISATION.

IN a popular address, delivered at the Drill Hall, Wimbledon, soon after his return from the Cape, Sir Bartle Frere gave a most interesting and instructive statement on "South Africa as a field for colonisation."

"The region of Temperate South Africa," Sir Bartle said, "lay to the south of the Zambesi and the Quathlanta district. It was a table-land, 4,000 feet or 5,000 feet high as regarded the plains, and the extreme height reaching as much as 10,000 feet. In size it was about one-third of Europe, and six times as large as France. They must be careful to remember that South Africa was not one district, but was made up of several portions physically and politically distinct. There was first the Cape Colony, founded by the Dutch between two and three hundred years ago, and which contained an old settled population, but was by no means filled up. It had for some years enjoyed the benefit of government by Ministers and the Legislature, and was presided over by a Governor, who held his commission from the Crown. That

colony was about equal in size to France, or double the size of the old kingdom of Prussia. Natal was governed as a Crown colony, with an elected Legislature, and was double the size of the kingdom of Greece. It lay between the Cape Colony and its dependency, Zululand. Then came the Transvaal, which was somewhat smaller than the kingdom of Italy. The Orange Free State came between the Transvaal and the Cape Colony; it was an independent State, governed as a Republic by a President elected for five years, and was about the size of the old kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and a third larger than Ireland or Portugal. Basutoland and Caffraria were each about the size of the kingdom of Greece. The extremity of the British dominions from Cape Town was very nearly as far as Odessa from London.

"Throughout the Cape Colony the franchise, both municipal and political, was open to men of every creed and colour. The natives had excellent qualities, which only required peace and good order for their development, and he looked for-



ward to the time when they would be as orderly and industrious as any population in Europe. The Caffre race did not die out before civilisation, and in the settled parts of the colony they flourished side by side with the Europeans.

"As to the industrial resources of Temperate South Africa, agriculture was carried on to a great extent by the Dutch as well as the English settlers. Cattle and sheep were among the staple productions of the greater part of the country, and among the great exports were the wool of the Merino sheep, introduced within living memory, and the hair of the Angora goat. Then there were ostriches, which within the last fifteen or twenty years had been domesticated, and formed a source of great profit to the colonists. Sheep-walks, which had become worn out by the constant feeding of sheep, were restored when ostriches were reared upon them. Then there was a considerable production of wheat, Indian corn, and millet, and the culture of the vine was an old and, he trusted, a progressive industry. Experts had been brought from Spain and other places, and there was every prospect that the colony would, by-and-by, rank among the great wine-producing countries of the globe. Horticulture also occupied the farmers, who produced a great quantity of almost every kind of European fruit, consumed chiefly on the spot, but which might be exported with advantage if the people were only aware of the great market open to them. In Cape Town, a cauliflower, called the 'Empress of India,' and weighing 30 lb., had been sent to him. In parts of the country vegetables were sold at immense prices. In the Kimberley diamond fields there were authentic stories of cauliflowers being sold at 27s. apiece. Dairy farming was also carried on to some extent, but the persons engaged in it were so apt to rise, that in many farmhouses milk from Switzerland and butter from Normandy were consumed.

"As for the diamond mines, the produce was far from coming to an end; on the contrary, it was increasing. In other places besides Kimberley diamond mines had been discovered, notably in the Orange Free State, where an old Dutch lady was receiving £1,200 a month from the diggers. Copper and coal were found in considerable quantities; also lead, cobalt, gold, and all building materials, including marble, besides manganese and other mineral products. Besides, there was a very large local commerce, a very profitable business being carried on with the natives. Wherever there was a settled town the natives became great purchasers of clothes and all European commodities.

"As to the general question of emigration, there were undoubtedly advantages in going to America or Australia which could not be claimed for Temperate South Africa. But in Temperate South Africa no well-conducted man or woman need starve, nor would they want food or clothing, if willing to work. A perfect independence in their station might be obtained, if they were willing to labour for a reasonable number of years. Besides, throughout Temperate South Africa the climate was one of the finest he had anywhere met with. Then as good an average education might be

obtained there as a boy or girl could obtain in any part of England. There was an opening also for different kinds of occupation. Even the capitalist might find good employment for his capital. A first mortgage there, on very good security, yielded 6 per cent., as against 4 or 4½ in this country. That was provided the colony was not flooded with capital. Land could always be bought cheap, and was always improving in value. Money could be laid out with great profit in the culture of vineyards and the making of wine, in farming with sheep, Angora goats, and ostriches. People of small capital were those who generally came to the Cape, and he would recommend them not to be in a hurry to invest it, but to wait until they saw how it could be employed with advantage. It could be well invested in small town lots and house property around railway-stations, where new villages and country towns were being laid out. Men of intelligence and character made a good business as land agents and auctioneers, and as they had more intelligence than the farmers they often rose to high positions.

"What was called 'transport riding' was also a profitable occupation. 'Riding' in South Africa had a peculiar meaning: it meant, 'to carry.' One of the most necessary things in the long journeys in that country was that men should carry goods and deliver them in safety. That occupation was followed by hundreds of thousands who had capital enough to buy a waggon and a span of twelve or fifteen oxen.

"With regard to professions, among the most prosperous were good, steady, hard-working medical men. The practice was very much like that of former days in England: men were paid, not so much for their medical skill as for the quantity of medicine they might send the patients. Chemists also made a profitable business. As for lawyers, there was no want of them. The Roman Dutch law, long abandoned in Holland, prevailed in the greater part of South Africa, and most intelligent men had a great attachment to it.

"With regard to the Church, there was no State provision, but clergymen of every denomination were highly respected and treated with the greatest liberality. The same was the case with schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. There was an opening for carpenters, builders, masons, smiths, glaziers, painters, navvies, and brick and tile makers; but the great demand was for one who might be called 'a handy man,' and could turn to a variety of things. He would recommend it as being a great advantage for those who intended to emigrate to combine with their neighbours, so as to give mutual support, and make a good start in the beginning. He would also recommend that no one should go out without some sort of introduction; a letter of recommendation from one's pastor would be of use." Having touched on the desirability of establishing some association whose object should be to assist the newly-arrived immigrants by advice, and to provide refuges for them, the lecturer concluded by saying that those who went out would find in South Africa a very accurate copy of the society they had left behind in England.



## THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III.



The new Czar of Russia, Alexander III, was born 10th March, 1845; married 9th November, 1866, Princess Dagmar Marie Feodorovna, daughter of King Christian IX, of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece. Their Imperial Majesties have four children—Nicholas, the heir-apparent, born May 18th, 1868, George, Xenia, and Michael.

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## Varieties.

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### Budding.

Intimately connected with grafting is the nice art of inserting a bud, from which proceeds a shoot, then branches, and then a large spreading and fruit-bearing tree, possessing in all its parts the same qualities and producing the same fruits as that from which the bud was at first abstracted. This is one of the greatest wonders of art; and as we do not see any natural process at all analogous to this, or any ready way of anticipating the effect, the first conception of the thing, giving rise to the experiment, is to be regarded as one of the most beautiful of human inventions. Budding and grafting are virtually the same, the one being more wonderful only in this, that the entire change of character produced on the future tree by a single bud is the result of means more slender and apparently more inadequate.

It cannot be unworthy of remark, that a phenomenon so striking as that of the mountain-ash bearing, instead of its own little, sour, and unwholesome berries, large, sweet, and nutritious pears, in consequence of engrafting, has given rise

to a Scriptural metaphor most expressive of a like change in our moral nature—one that is as true in point of fact, as certainly accomplished by appointed means, and as beneficial in its effects, comparing the fruits of the old nature with those of the new.

The mode of the operation of budding, or inoculating, is as follows:—To procure the bud to be inserted, cut off a shoot of one year's growth from an approved tree, and from the side most exposed to the sun. Slice off a little of the wood and bark, containing the bud, and let the slice extend from half an inch above the bud to one inch beneath it; then separate the woody part from the bark and bud, and observe narrowly whether the heart of the bud, that is a small white knob like the head of a pin, has remained with the wood or come away with the bark. If it adhere to the wood, the bud will be found hollow—it has lost its heart, and will not live. Make a few more trials, and if the event be still untoward, the buds are not sufficiently matured, and the operation must be delayed. This is a better rule to go by

than the day of the month; but to avoid the trouble of too many trials, let the first be for cherries, about the middle of summer; for pears and plums, a fortnight later, and as much later again for apples. When you find that the bud peels right, choose a cloudy day, or an early hour, and let the operation be so quick as not to allow of a change in the colour of the sap by the action of the air. Have the shoots at hand; and before separating the bud prepare the place for its reception, by selecting a smooth part of the stem or branch to be inoculated, and making, with a sharp knife, a perpendicular incision two inches long and quite through the bark; near the head of this incision make a cross cut, so as to admit of freely raising the bark. The flat ivory handle of a desk knife, or a piece of polished wood so shaped, may be used for disengaging the bark without disturbing the sap. Into this aperture insert the bud, with its own bark attached to it, and slide all down till the upper extremity fall in with the transverse incision, taking care, at the same time, to have the eye of the bud so placed as to look out in the middle—between the two sides of the overlapping bark. Then apply a bandage of matting over all the incision, but not over the projecting part of the bud, and with such tightness as not to impede the circulation, but merely to keep the inserted bark and bud close to the wood of the tree. As at this season, the tree being in full growth, the tying will in the course of two or three weeks become too tight, it must then be undone, and applied again more loosely.

If the operation fails—which will be determined by the shrunk and sapless appearance of the bud—let the bandage be altogether removed, and let the curled edges of the bark be neatly pared, that all may grow smooth as before, lest the vacuity, with its covering of mat, become a chamber in which multitudes of insects will seek a shelter, and revel on the core of the tree, enlarging their apartments as they increase their population. When it is evident, on the return of spring, that the strange bud has become naturalised, and is ready to commence its growth, it should be encouraged, or directed according to the design which you wish it to fulfil. If your object is to have a diversity of fruit on the same tree, and to produce from the bud one or more branches, make a notch above the place of its insertion, in order to impede the course of the sap, and direct it into the channel of the bud; but if you would have the whole tree to possess only the quality of that part which you have inserted, cut off all above the bud, and if any young shoots appear beneath it, let them be rubbed off with the finger before they gain strength or diminish the resources of the wood which you wish to cherish. Care must be early taken, whether the tree be a standard or placed on a wall, to guide on their proper path, or to guard from the violence of winds, the young shoots proceeding from the bud.—*The Manse Garden.* By Nathaniel Patterson, D.D. (Collins.)

#### African Allies.

The cruelty and folly of sending untrained British soldiers of the line to be shot down by the Boer riflemen in the Transvaal war, unsupported by native allies, will be better understood after reading the following account of the Natal Native Horse. They formed a contingent of the South Africa force disbanded after the annexation of the Transvaal. They were not numerous—little over a hundred—but a small body of such men, or of the Cape Mounted Rifles, once an efficient corps, but long since disbanded, would be invaluable in case of peace being again disturbed. The Basutos have also shown themselves good soldiers for irregular warfare, and all these native troops would gladly serve under British officers, if called to resist the oppression of the Boers, who are tyrants towards the African races. The Natal Horse was thus described by one who witnessed the disbandment of the corps at Maritzburg. "A rough set they look, they and their horses, as they ride up the street towards the camp, proud with the consciousness of having fought side by side with the soldiers of the Queen. Small men mostly, on small shaggy ponies, and giving one the general impression of being tied together with string. They are dressed in weather-stained garments of brown corduroy, most of them with black wide-awake hats with the brim turned up in some fantastic fashion, some few with old helmets, some carrying their rifles slung by the saddle, some holding them erect with the butt on the thigh, some with bundles of assegais, some without, all of them sitting well down on their horses like

men who are born to the saddle, and all singing a warlike refrain at the top of their voices. These rough ponies are their own, and the saddles are their own, for such were the terms on which they were enlisted. Two shillings a day and rations and compensation for horses killed in action or dying from the exposure endured in the campaign—little enough, one would say, to tempt men into the field. Yet they willingly went and willingly remained; and it is satisfactory to know that they have lost nothing by their alacrity to serve the Government. Each man has been given £10 as a bonus for himself, and another £10 for the use of his horse, over and above the compensation that may have been given for horses that have perished during the campaign. Hlubi's people occupy Langalibalele's old location under the Berg on the side of Natal nearest Basutoland, a place well calculated for the rearing and training of hardy men. But the missionary village of Edendale, about seven or eight miles from Maritzburg, is a very different spot. It is the chief centre of native civilisation in Natal. The Kaffir is here found living an English life, and better than an English life, for he makes far more money than is ever made by villagers in England. He owns land, oxen, waggons; he has obtained exemption from native law for his wife, his children, and himself. He loves the Government, for he knows he can grow rich under it, and while civilisation judiciously administered improves him, his useful natural instincts are not impaired. For see him at work with the troops in the field. He is a born scout, and as a scout he is invaluable and indispensable. Men like Wood and Buller rely on him implicitly. He needs no code of instructions, no orders as to the direction in which his services will be best engaged. Every bush, every stone, even the look of the grass has a meaning for him. 'Master,' he says, 'I think I had better go to the top of that hill up there!' And away he goes with a comrade, the little rat-like ponies cantering through the grass, climbing down into dongas, and up again at the other side, and his whole paraphernalia of assegais, cartridge-belt, haversack, cooking-pot, and rifle banging about him. Take him by surprise you cannot; nor can you, even in the thickest fog, persuade him to lose his way. It is a sort of instinct with him to be on the look-out. He is proud of his work, proud of the trust reposed in him, and would die sooner than betray it. But he must have faults, it will be said. He is lazy, or he is insubordinate, or he gets drunk, or neglects his duty, or disregards camp regulations. Strange to say, he has not a single fault of this kind. So far from being lazy, he is for ever ready, willing, active, cheerful. He respects the word of his officer as if it were the word of the great Queen herself. Drunk he is never, while in matters of duty and order he is an example to follow. During the whole campaign there has not been in the Natal Native Horse a single punishment inflicted."

#### The Fourth of June at Eton.

Those who have witnessed the gay but decorous festivities at Eton in Queen Victoria's time can have little idea of the scenes of the Montem, or of the Fourth of June, in the days "when George the Third was king." It is of the latter fête, on the King's Birthday, that we are reminded at this season. The regatta, the fireworks, and all the enthusiastic rejoicings from morning to night remain and will remain unchanged. FLOREAT ETONA!

But great is the change in the appearance and the dress of the Etonians, especially of the boats' crews in the procession to Surley Hall. Here is what we read in an old account: "The crews are all dressed in different uniforms, all, however, wearing blue jackets, shoes, and buckles. The great mark of distinction is the hat; a little, round, odd-looking, though sailor-like affair, made of different-coloured beavers and variously coloured straws, in the front of which is placed a medal suitable to the name of the boat, as the Cross of St. George, the Anchor of Hope, and so on. Each crew has, moreover, a shirt of a different check, for they assimilate themselves as much as possible to sailors, and invariably have a checked shirt. The gayest person in each boat is the steersman, who is habited in a captain's full naval uniform, wearing a cocked-hat and a sword. The captain of the boat pulls stroke, and is habited as one of the crew."

Archdeacon Denison, in the Notes of his life, has some curious recollections of the Eton clothes of sixty years ago. He made his first appearance in a suit made at the primitive

shop of a village tailor at Ossington. His second suit was from an artist at Southwark, where he had last been at school. "The material throughout was a bright green pepper-and-salt; the decoration of it, smooth white metal buttons, about the size of a half-crown. I was much mortified," he says, "having asked and received permission to go out into the town, to find that my appearance did not excite the general admiration I expected." Another dandy was more successful in attracting attention. "There was one boy, I remember, whose clothes were made by Stultz, and the boys used to follow him up and down with admiring eyes. He had a swallow-tailed bright blue coat, with gilt buttons, and other things conformable. By his side the contrast with the artistic developments of the Ossington tailor was very humbling. But I was very happy at Eton, in spite of my clothes."

One other contrast between old and new times at Eton is the legalising of boating. In Dr. Keate's days rowing was not allowed; absolutely forbidden before Easter, and only connived at after Easter, although the masters were gradually carried away by the current of opinion, and if they did not go on the water they witnessed the procession to "Old Surley." There was good reason for caution in sanctioning rowing in those days. Every year was darkened by sad and fatal accidents. It was George Augustus Selwyn, afterwards the good missionary bishop of New Zealand and Bishop of Lichfield, who, when a curate at Windsor, was the means of getting a regulation introduced, forbidding any boy to go into a boat until he had passed an examination in swimming. This rule put a stop to the frequent deaths from drowning which had previously occurred. George Selwyn retained to the last a warm and loyal affection for Eton, where his influence for good is still felt, and his memory valued and revered.

**John Knox Memorial Tree.**—A very interesting ceremony took place this spring at Haddington, in planting an oak-tree on the spot where the great Scottish patriot and reformer was born. The ground is situated in the Nungate, and known as Giffordgate. The property belongs to Miss Watson, Linnithgow, who gave the ground for the memorial, with railed enclosure, and who planted the tree. A large company took part in the ceremony, and Colonel Davidson, addressing those present, said that it was another illustrious Scotchman whose name is associated with Haddington who proposed this memorial. Colonel Davidson said the last interview he had with Mr. Carlyle was just about a year ago. He found him reclining on a couch in the well-remembered room which his wife used to brighten up so in bygone days. Among other topics, Mr. Carlyle got upon the subject of Knox's likeness, and related the steps he had taken to establish the authenticity of "the one portrait he ever could believe to be a likeness of Knox." After a touching allusion to the grave of his late wife, Mr. Carlyle said he had a request to make—viz., that he (Colonel Davidson) would get a tree planted to mark the site of the house where Knox was born, so that it might be seen from the churchyard. It must be matter of gratification to all that this purpose has been carried out, and future generations would have no difficulty in identifying the site of "John Knox's hoose." The Rev. Mr. Dods, of Dunbar, said "they heard of monuments of Knox being erected, but in a sense all Scotland was his monument. Let them hope this tree, so auspiciously planted, might flourish and bear its acorns; but let this tree grow as old as it might, no doubt the fruits of Knox's labours would also flourish along with it. The influence of that man's work would endure in Scotland, and throughout the whole world, generation after generation."

**Spurious Relics.**—A correspondent of a morning paper writes from Rome that Pope Leo XIII., having become aware that a sacrilegious traffic in spurious relics was being carried on under cover of the authority of the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, to whom the authentication of such articles belongs, called his attention recently to this scandal, ordering him to institute a strict inquiry into the matter, and visit the simoniacal ecclesiastics with the utmost severity. The subject is now before the Congregation of Relics, and the Cardinal-Vicar has addressed a circular to all the Catholic Diocesan Bishops, Vicars-Apostolic, and Administrators throughout the world, intimating that no bodies have been

taken out of the Catacombs for the last thirty years, and warning them against impostors. I am informed that these have found their most lucrative field in America, whither have been shipped entire osteological specimens of what purported to be the remains of early Christian martyrs freshly dug out of the Catacombs of Rome. Some of the silly people who have been performing their devotions before what they imagined to be "holy relics," may have been venerating the bones of Roman paupers or criminals taken from common graves.

**The United States Census.**—The computers of the United States census of 1880, after having ascertained the total population of the country, proceeded to separate it into the native and foreign born, and the white and other races. In the aggregate the population is 50,152,866, of which 43,475,506 are native born, and 6,677,360 foreign born; while of the total 43,404,876 are whites, 6,577,151 coloured; 105,717 Asiatics, and 65,122 Indians mingled with white men, and not under tribal relations or living upon reservations. Compared with the census of 1870, when the total population was 33,589,377; the foreign born, 5,567,299; the Asiatics, 56,197; the civilised Indians, 25,731; and the coloured people, 4,880,009, the relative increase is shown to be about 30 per cent. in the total population, while the coloured have gained nearly 35 per cent., and the foreign born but 18 per cent. The foreign increase is, of course, entirely by immigration, as the children of foreign parents born here are enumerated as native born. The natives, it will be seen, increase at a much faster rate than the immigrants, large as the inflowing tide has been. This analysis is made by the American correspondent of the "Times" at Philadelphia, who says that in examining the relative numbers of native and foreign born, it is found that while the foreigners were equal to nearly 17 per cent. of the natives in 1870, the proportion had decreased to about 15 1-3 per cent. in 1880. The territorial distribution of the foreign born is also very unequal. In Nevada they are equal to 70 per cent. of the native born, while in North Carolina the proportion is barely a quarter of 1 per cent. In Arizona the foreigners are 65 1-2 per cent.; in Dakota, 62 per cent.; in Minnesota, 52 per cent.; and in California, 51 per cent. Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wisconsin, and Wyoming report 40 per cent. or over. New York has 31 per cent.; Massachusetts, 33 per cent.; Rhode Island, 36 1-2 per cent.; Michigan, 31 per cent.; and Connecticut, 26 per cent. Pennsylvania reports 16 per cent.; Ohio, 14 per cent.; Iowa, 19 per cent.; and Kansas, 12 per cent. Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Texas, and West Virginia have less than 10 per cent., and the remainder of the South less than 2 per cent., while Indiana in the North is under 8 per cent., and Maine under 10 per cent. The South, which has the most negroes, is, excepting in the States above mentioned, practically without any foreign element, showing that the stream of immigration flows almost entirely into the North. Where the foreign element is large the general causes are apparent, being manufacturing in New England and the Middle States, and also coal and iron mining in the latter, the immigrants being mainly Irish, German, French, Canadian, and some Welsh. In the North-Western States, where agriculture is the moving force, the German and Scandinavian are the chief nationalities drawn from. In the extreme West mining is the chief attraction, though agriculture and cattle-raising are important feeders.

**Mr. Carlyle and the Evolutionists.**—Lady Ashburton told a friend that she had been having some *literati* at her house. Among them was Thomas Carlyle. The subject of their conversation, in which Carlyle took no part, was the theory of evolution. At length a pause occurring, Thomas Carlyle emphatically and with solemnity exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you are well pleased to trace your descent from a tadpole and an ape, but I would say with David, 'Lord, Thou hast made me but a little lower than the angels.'"

**Oil on Water.**—"Pouring oil on troubled waters" is an old phrase, and there are many authentic instances of the value of oil in preventing the waves breaking over a vessel at sea. Some experiments with oil on waves were made at Peterhead recently, and were so successful that the proposal to lay oil on to the mouths of harbours by means of pipes



was discussed as a not very remote project. Bottles filled with oil were sunk to the bottom of the harbour, in which the sea was breaking heavily. The oil was then released, and rising to the surface it exercised an immediate and magical effect in smoothing the troubled waters. Instead of the waves breaking, the sea became quite smooth and glassy-looking, and there was a visible softening down of the waves, which, in place of being sharp-crested, were turned into long undulating seas.

S	A	T	O	R
A	R	E	P	O
T	E	N	E	T
O	P	E	R	A
R	O	T	A	S

**A Square Word Puzzle.**—Within four miles distance from that portion of the Great North Road—the old Ermine Street—that lies between the inns at Alconbury Hill and Stilton, that were so well known in the old coaching days, and close upon the wooded western boundary of the county of Huntingdon, are the three villages of the Giddings—Great Gidding, Steeple Gidding, and Little Gidding. The first-named is the largest and most important, though the last is the most famous, from its having been the home of Nicolas Ferrar, who went there in 1625, and there died, on December 4th, 1637. With the members of his family and the servants of his household he there established a system of regular prayers and unceasing worship, by day and night. A similar round of services, with perpetual prayer, both by night and day, was carried on in the chief German settlement of the Moravians, at the time of John Wesley's visit to them—as recorded in Southey's "Life of Wesley," vol. i, p. 168. Charles I visited Nicolas Ferrar, at Little Gidding, on more than one occasion; and Prince Rupert, George Herbert, and Crashaw the poet, were among his guests. The best and handiest account of Nicolas Ferrar, and of his establishment at Little Gidding, will be found in the first volume of J. E. B. Mayor's "Cambridge in the Seventeenth Century," wherein are reprinted, with copious notes and explanations, the two "Lives" of Nicolas Ferrar, written by his brother John and Dr. Jebb.

! A quarter of a mile distant from Little Gidding Church is Steeple Gidding Church, where Nicolas Ferrar attended the service until his own little church was ready for him. A mile distant is the Church of Great Gidding, which was reopened in January, 1870, after a careful restoration by Mr. Fowler, of Louth, the Rev. William Hopkinson being vicar. He was nephew to the late Dr. William Hopkinson, of Stainford, who was Lord of the Manor of Little Gidding, and restored its church in 1853. Until the restoration of Great Gidding Church there were several large square pews, in different parts of the building, which had to come down and make room for open seats. One of these square pews was in the north aisle, and I can remember that the farmer who was wont to use it had littered deeply the whole of its floor with straw, in true farmyard fashion, in order to make it comfortable for himself and family, and to cause them, I suppose, to feel quite at home.

It was on the door of this pew that a slab of oak had been nailed, roughly cut in an octagonal form, and measuring six and a quarter inches wide by six and three-quarter inches deep. Within a border on this piece of oak was rudely carved the date, 1614, the letters E and R, and five words of five letters, so arranged that they may be read upwards and downwards, backwards and forwards. When the square pew was removed the carved piece on its door was also banished from the church, and preserved at the Vicarage, by the Rev. W. S. Bagshaw. Before it went there I made a careful sketch of it, and also took rubbings from it; and, as no engraving of it has ever been published, a description of it may be acceptable.

The letters are boldly but rudely cut, the central N being turned the wrong way, and in the second and third lines the letter is more like an I than an E, or I is put instead of E; so "Aripo" and "Tenit" are imperfect or blundering letters. There are two initials E. R., which are probably those of the carver. It is not easy to give an intelligent translation of the five squared words. The puzzle is over "Arepo," and it has been suggested that it is only "Opera" reversed, and is necessarily introduced to make the square perfect. If so, we might translate the whole, "The sower holds the wheels (and) works." Another suggestion is that "Arepo" must be taken as a proper name, and that the words may be translated, "The sower, Arepo, holds the wheels in his work." Any way, this five-word puzzle is both curious and ingenious, and must have given its inventor no little trouble in its construction.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

**Prayer.**—When we cannot kneel down on our knees, let us, while standing or sitting, in the intervals of our work or of our amusement, link together, as it were, our more special and solemn devotions, by a golden chain of heavenward thoughts and humble prayers, not trusting to our general good intentions, but refreshing our continual decays and failings with as continued a recourse to the ever-open fountain of the grace of God.—Arnold.

**A Sunday School in Martin Luther's Church.**—According to a Lutheran journal, a Sunday school has been opened in Wittenburg, in the church on whose door Luther nailed his ninety-five theses, and in which both he and Melancthon were buried. It began with seventy girls as scholars and seven female teachers, but has grown to such proportions that it has since been found necessary to use another church for a part of the school. The custom in Continental schools of separating the boys and girls added somewhat to the necessity for this. The scholars now number 400, of whom three-fourths are girls. Five of the teachers are men, and eight are women.

**Ireland in 1821.**—Sir Rowland Hill, afterwards the distinguished post-office administrator, in early life made a tour in Ireland, and one of his impressions is thus stated:—"On the road to Edgeworth Town we were struck with the miserable state of the poor Irish. Many live in huts without either window or chimney, the door serving every purpose of ingress and of egress. The poor women and children were generally without shoes and stockings; the men, however, almost always wear both, and even in the midst of summer appear dressed in great-coats. Though Sunday, we saw many parties dancing in the roads and fields, the men in their great-coats, and carts and waggons passed along apparently as much as on any other day. Every time the coach stopped it was surrounded by beggars, apparently in the lowest possible state of misery.

"With a few exceptions, everything appears to be neglected. The land is miserably cultivated, and worse fenced, and the houses seem falling into ruin. You see gates with one hinge, and no fastening, tied up by means of ropes or haybands; windows reduced from a proper size to a single pane of glass, the remainder of the window, as it was broken, having been stopped up with a flat stone, a piece of wood, plaster, or a turf. In many places half the houses are in a state of ruin, and quite uninhabited. We learned that many had been reduced to this state at the time of the riots."

**The Privy Purse of Charles I.**—The extracts given in our last volume (p. 798), from old records, belong to the time of Charles I, not, as inadvertently stated, of James I. This is evident not only from the dates but from the fact that the Prince of Wales is mentioned, a title never borne by James, who was king of Scotland before he came to the throne of England.

**Frank Buckland Memorial Fund.**—A proposal has been made by some of the friends of the late Mr. Frank Buckland to perpetuate, by a substantial testimonial, the recollection of his services to Natural History and Fish-culture, and generally to afford to the public an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to his memory and appreciation of his life-long work. For this purpose a subscription list has been opened. It is



intended to expend a portion of the sum subscribed upon a bust of Mr. Buckland, to be placed in the Museum at South Kensington, with the collection which he so generously bequeathed to the nation. It is further hoped that the amount collected may be sufficient to supplement the income of Mr. Buckland's widow by an annuity of £100. Should there be any surplus after the purchase of the bust and annuity, the committee propose that it should be applied to promoting the welfare of the fishermen of this country—an object which Mr. Frank Buckland had so much at heart. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Cox and Co., Bankers, Craig's Court, Charing Cross; by Mr. H. Fiennell, "Land and Water" Office, 176, Fleet Street, E.C., and by T. Douglas Murray, Esq., Hon. Sec., 34, Portland Place, W. We heartily commend this object to readers of the "Leisure Hour," who have often been delighted and instructed by the contributions of Mr. Buckland to this magazine.

**Brotherly Help.**—The late Mr. Philip Pearsall Carpenter, among the philanthropic works which he undertook during his residence at Warrington, adopted the novel plan of receiving two or three young friends of the working-class, who should pay him what their board would otherwise cost them. He and they took their meals together in the pleasant kitchen with his housekeeper (the first was the mother of one of his inmates). Mr. Robson writes: "Another feature of Dr. Carpenter's moral character, and almost peculiar to himself, and to which Warrington is at this moment indebted for the existence of the White Cross Iron Works, was the personal friendship he formed for young men in whom he discerned a desire for mental and moral improvement. For many years he had a succession of such living with him, on terms of social equality, in his own house. They worked at their trades, but lived and boarded with him, and in this way received influences from him which have borne wonderful fruit in after years."—*Memoirs of P. P. Carpenter (C. Kegan Paul and Co.).*

**Old Medical Literature.**—Sir James Risdon Bennett, President of the Royal College of Physicians, in a recent address on opening a Medical Institute at Birmingham, referred to a revolution in literature which affects other fields of knowledge besides medicine. In former times, when printing was less rapid and universal, the preparation and production of books implied much thought and time. People could not "rush into print" so readily as they can now. "May not the value of the writings of our forefathers be in a measure due to the absence of periodical literature in their day? They had not the temptation that we have to rush into print before they had had time and opportunity for testing their facts and pondering over their experience. In nothing is the trustworthiness and value of their recorded experience better seen than in their *prognosis*. And how much does not correct prognosis imply? How few of us can expect to excel greatly in this which so much more impresses the public than accuracy of diagnosis,

Till old experience doth attain,

To something like prophetic strain?

I know that many share my conviction that reading by our profession in the present day, especially reading of old authors, is far too much neglected, notwithstanding that the mass of current literature would seem to show that this is emphatically a book-making, and therefore, presumably, a reading age. If the actual knowledge available for present purposes to be derived from old authors were less than it really is, the assistance that they afford in enabling us to test new doctrines and weigh new facts is considerable. Many a profitable consultation may thus be held, and how much cautious advice obtained? How much sober calm thoughtfulness may be fostered? How much may be learnt in the culture and character of the men, as displayed in their writings, to explain the reputation that they acquired, and the social influence they exerted and which renders them worthy both of our admiration and imitation?"

**Military Impotence of Great Britain.**—Captain Kirhammer, of the General Staff of the Austrian Army, has written an article on this subject in the "Nineteenth Century." He affirms that the British Army is utterly unfit for the defence of the empire, if for no other reason, because of

its numerical weakness. But the true defence of a nation is not its regular standing army. Canada, for instance, has now but the figment of a British garrison. Yet in 1868, when there was anxiety in consequence of differences with the United States and Fenian threats, the active militia numbered nearly 50,000, and it is capable now of drawing upon reserves of above half a million of men. In Queen Elizabeth's time the standing army of England did not cost £5,000 a year, but 100,000 men were under arms when the Spaniards were expected, and a million of men were ready to serve, although the population of all England then was not equal to that of Middlesex and London now. And it was in this time of comparative impotency that Shakespeare said,

"This England never did, nor ever shall,  
Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror."

**Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Rosebery.**—Returning thanks for an address of welcome from the students of Aberdeen University, the Earl of Rosebery, as Lord Rector, made touching reference to the illness of Lord Beaconsfield, then drawing towards the sad end, and watched by the whole nation. He said "it was not because the illustrious patient was powerful, not because he led a great party, nor because he had received all the honours the Crown could bestow, that the nation regarded him with such interest, but because the British people had watched his career, and admired the indomitable perseverance and energy with which, beginning in an obscure position, he had surmounted a hundred obstacles, any one of which would have crushed an ordinary man, and had thus placed himself in the forefront of British statesmen. Another reason was because he was sprung from what was sometimes deemed an alien, but was after all a sacred, race. He had been more English than the English themselves, and whatever mistakes may have been in his policy, and whatever faults might be found with it, it could not but be recognised that the very errors of the policy, as they might be deemed, sprang from a too great anxiety to make the supremacy of England respected abroad."

**A Pair of Old Croakers.**—"The last time I saw Southey was on an evening at Taylor's (Henry Taylor, author of 'Artevelde,' etc.), nobody there but myself; I think he meant to leave town next morning, and had wished to say farewell to me first. We sat on the sofa together; our talk was long and earnest; topic ultimately the usual one, steady approach of democracy, with revolution (probably explosive) and a finis incomputable to man; steady decay of all morality, political, social, individual; this once noble England getting more and more ignoble and untrue in every fibre of it, till the gold (Goethe's composite king) would all be eaten out, and noble England would have to collapse in shapeless ruin, whether for ever or not none of us could know. Our perfect consent on these matters gave an animation to the dialogue, which I remember as copious and pleasant. Southey's last word was in answer to some tirade of mine against universal mammon-worship, gradual accelerating decay of mutual humanity, of piety and fidelity to God or man, in all our relations and performances, the whole illustrated by examples, I suppose; to which he answered, not with levity, yet with a cheerful tone in his seriousness, 'It will not, and it cannot come to good!' This he spoke standing; I had risen, checking my tirade, intimating that, alas, I must go. He invited me to Cumberland, to 'see the lakes again,' and added, 'Let us know beforehand, that the rites of hospitality —' I had already shaken hands, and now answered from beyond the door of the apartment, 'Ah, yes; thanks, thanks!' little thinking that it was my last farewell of Southey."—*Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle.*

**Southey at Sixty-three.**—"Southey's look, I remarked, was strangely careworn, anxious, though he seemed to like talking, and both talked and listened well; his eyes especially were as if filled with gloomy bewilderment and incurable sorrows. He had got to be about sixty-three, had buried all his suffering loved ones, wound up forty years of incessant vehement labour, much of it more or less ungenial to him; and in fact, though he knew it not, had finished his work in the world; and might well be looking back on it with a kind of ghastly astonishment rather than with triumph or joy!"—*Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle (Chapman and Hall).*

**Lord Palmerston's Lines on the Death of his Lady.**—The lines attributed to Lord Palmerston by the correspondent of the "Illustrated London News" in the passage quoted last year (p. 559), are by Mason, and will be found on Mrs. Mason's monument in Bristol Cathedral.

**Deaths from Starvation in London.**—A Parliamentary paper has been issued containing a return of the number of all deaths in the metropolitan district during 1880 upon which a coroner's jury have returned a verdict of "Death from starvation," or "Death accelerated by privation." From this it appears that during last year there were 101 such deaths in all.

**Shorthand.**—A shorthand competition was recently opened in England, the system being Pitman's, and the object to inscribe as many words as possible on one side of an English postal-card, the writing to be legible to the naked eye. The first prize in this competition was awarded to G. H. Davidson, chief shorthand and correspondence clerk to Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co., whose post-card contained 32,363 words.

**The Burnt Manuscript.**—Mr. Carlyle's own account of the sad loss of part of his manuscript of the French Revolution, said to have been burnt by John Stuart Mill's servant, is thus given: "How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He stayed three mortal hours or so; his departure quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms round my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging like a nobler second self! Under heaven is nothing beautifuller. We sat talking till late; 'shall be written again,' my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since. I wrote out 'Feast of Pikes' (vol. ii.), and then went at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks (reading Marryat's novels), tried, cautious-cautiously, as on ice paper-thin, once more; and in short had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. Jeannie, alone of beings, burnt like a steady lamp beside me. I forget how much of money we still had. I think there was at first something like £300, perhaps £280, to front London with. Nor can I in the least remember where we had gathered such a sum, except that it was our own, no part of it borrowed or given us by anybody. 'Fit to last till 'French-Revolution' is ready!' and she had no misgivings at all. Mill was penitently liberal; sent me £200 (in a day or two), of which I kept £100 (actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume); upon which he bought me 'Biographie Universelle,' which I got bound, and still have. Wish I could find a way of getting the now much macerated, changed, and fanaticised 'John Stuart Mill' to take that £100 back; but I fear there is no way."—*Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle.*

**Australian Aborigines.**—Mr. Dawson, an old Queensland colonist, says, concerning the treatment of the natives by many of the European settlers:—"Of the present Governor of Queensland I neither know the name nor character; but this I am justified in saying, that to have her Majesty represented by a man who coolly sits with folded arms while deliberate massacres of tribes of aboriginal men, women, and infants go on, almost daily, not only tarnishes the lustre of the Crown, but brings disgrace on her Majesty's reign. I cannot refrain from stating a case which was lately narrated to me on reliable authority, and which I firmly credit, and believe to be one of scores of the same character and atrocity. 'One day a gentleman squatter accommodated with a night's lodging a party of black troopers; their commanding officer, a white man, was invited to the house. In the evening he inquired casually if any blacks were in the neighbourhood, and if they were troublesome. His host replied there were a good many up the creek, innocently, but unfortunately, adding that they were troublesome, as they bothered him for flour, sugar, and tobacco. In the morning an unusual firing was heard, and immediately a wounded native rushed into the house, and said the black troopers were shooting his friends. The

gentleman ran to the black's camp, but too late to save the lives of upwards of forty aborigines, of all sexes and ages, who had been deliberately put to death by orders of an irresponsible white brute, acting under the orders of a still more brutal Government,' which, to use the phrase applied by it to the persecuted aborigines, deserves to be dispersed."

#### Condensation in Poetical Contributions.

*Hail to thee, sweet and gentle-breathing spring;  
Birds at thy coming grateful welcome sing;  
Melts now the widespread, glistening, crystal snow;  
Streams locked in icy bonds begin to flow.*

#### REFINED AND CONDENSED.

Hail, spring,  
Birds sing,  
Melts snow,  
Streams flow.

**Crab and Lobster Suppers.**—The following note of Mr. Frank Buckland must be received with caution. To some persons crabs and lobsters prove dangerous diet. "The presence of phosphorus is of great importance to the consumers of these sea luxuries; there is no substance which conveys phosphorus so readily into the human system in an agreeable form, and which the system so readily and quickly assimilates, as the flesh of crabs and lobsters. For this reason lobsters, crabs, and oysters should form the diet of those engaged in business or arduous literary pursuits, where there is much wear and tear of the brain powers by thought, and therefore an extra supply of phosphorus is required for the food of the brain. It is for this reason, I imagine, that lobsters and crabs are generally eaten and most esteemed for supper. The brain, towards night, begins to feel a little exhausted; the lobster, crab, or oyster quickly supplies the want, and the system immediately feels the effect."

**Sir Daniel Lange and the Suez Canal.**—It is not so generally known, perhaps, as it should be that a good deal of the successful interest of England in the Suez Canal is to be attributed to Sir Daniel Adolphus Lange, of Lanehurst, Albourne, Sussex. That such, however, is the case may be gathered from the following extract from the "Morning Post": "The statement made by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons to the effect that a gain of £4,700,000 would accrue to this country from the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, shows the remarkable financial success of the undertaking. It is, however, noteworthy that these shares would never have been purchased but for Sir Daniel Lange's correspondence with Earl Granville at the time on the subject of the sale of the Suez Canal to this country, and which ultimately led to the acquisition of our interest in the undertaking. His letters, although marked 'private and confidential,' were unfortunately published in the blue-books, and resulted in Sir Daniel Lange's severance from the great work to which he had devoted the best part of his life. It seems hard that the person to whom we are partly indebted for the canal itself, and now for the gain of £4,700,000 to this country, should have suffered from his well-intentioned and patriotic efforts to place our great highway to India under British control."

**The Hereditary Grand Falconer of England.**—The Duke of St. Albans, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, and Hereditary Registrar of the Court of Chancery, was born in Piccadilly on April 15, 1840. His mother, the Dowager Duchess of St. Albans (youngest daughter of the late General Joseph Gubbins), is now the wife of Viscount Falkland, G.C.H., formerly Governor of Bombay. He succeeded to the title as tenth duke on the death of his father, which took place on May 26, 1849.

**Walker.**—The surname Walker has nothing to do with pedestrian ideas, but had its origin in trade and occupation, like other familiar names, such as Smith, Farmer, Bowyer, Fisher, and so on. Walker is a common surname in Yorkshire, as will be understood when we explain its connection with the industry of that region. It is of Flemish derivation. A man who worked at the walke (walche) or fulling-mill was a walker, and in early Manchester Directories all the fullers and cloth-dressers were called walkers.

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